THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We desire to say that the perpetrator of the lines recently written in a copy of the works of Poe, and quoted in this place last month, was not the unoffending Mr. Dobson, but the facetious Mr. Andrew Lang. Meantime, these lines have been provocative of the following communication from Father Tabb, whose name, it will be remembered, was linked with those of Boker, Longfellow and Bryant:

ST. CHARLES COLLEGE,
ELLICOTT CITY, Md., Jan. 5th, '99.

Dear Sirs—Seeing in your current issue Mr. Dobson's quatrain, I have written him as follows:

TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

Dear Sir: It is a cruel stab,
With Edgar Poe to measure *Tabb*,
As well with Tennyson to rate
The present poet-laureate.

John B. Tabb.

Mr. Newton Macmillan, of Oswego, N. Y., sends us a less dignified retort, which he says is "no worse poetry than Mr. Dobson's, and quite as good sense":

I wonder when wee Dobbie will find out
That, though we're "Yanks," we know our way about;
The ranking of our poets—we can fix it
Without the help of Austin's *ipse dixit*.

The following verses, entitled "Austin Dobson in Winter," by John Oxberry, appeared in a recent number of *The Sketch*:

I'm reading Austin Dobson—he is easier than Browning,
With no profound obscurities to bother common folk;
I know of nothing pleasanter, when winter skies are frowning,
Than Dobson, cosy quarters, and a good cigar to smoke.

He's not sublime and lofty, and his tones are not Miltonic;
He's not a soaring Shelley with a many-chorded harp,
But knows a polished sentence and a phrase that is harmonic,
And, though his wit be dainty, it is genuinely sharp.

I like his pretty fancies and exhilarating stories;
I like his piquant pictures of the people of old times,
His humorous portrayal of their bright brocaded glories,
Their patches and their bombazine, their virtues and their crimes.

And he can be pathetic; and our tenderest emotions
He now and then arouses by the sweetness of his lays;
He's a skilful rhyming artist, full of dear, old-fashioned notions,
Replete with reminiscences of pre-Victorian days.

With feet upon the fender and a softened light behind us,
With not a care to trouble nor an irritating thought,
The storms of winter serve then but the better to remind us
Of what we owe to Dobson for the good things he has wrought.

An amusing critic makes the suggestion that many of our new novels might be best criticised by a colour analysis based on the Polychrome Bible idea, by which the supposed authors have their portions indicated by different colours. It might be worth while, says this facetious person, to treat many of our latter-day story tellers after the Polychrome manner. Thus you could indicate what in them was due to Stevenson, what to Blackmore, what to Dumas, what to Scott, and so forth.

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From a number of Christmas and New Year cards received by THE BOOKMAN, we reproduce the artistic effort of Mr. Gardner C. Teall, of Lafayette, Indiana. Mr. Teall is the Chicago correspondent of *The Art Interchange*. To Mr. Teall and to our other well-wishers, we return greeting.

In a recent number we reprinted in these columns the contents of a quaint hand-bill, printed and circulated early in the century. Since then we have come upon an amusing play-bill, over a century old, which was unearthed recently in an antiquated country house in Ireland. Here are its contents:

KILKENNY THEATRE ROYAL.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians. (The last night, because the company go to-morrow to Waterford.)

On Saturday, May 14th, 1793, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned matrapolish, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns,

The Tragedy of Hamlet,

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick, and insarted in Shakespere's Works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character, particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll All Be Unhappy Together," from the reverend Mr. Dibbin's Oddities.

The parts of the king and queen, by direction of the rev. father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The Ghost, the Grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

To which will be added an Interlude, in which will be introduced several slight of hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor Hunt.

The whole to conclude with the farce of

MAHOMET THE IMPOSTOR.

Mahomet by Mr. Kearns.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle Street.

The value of the ticket, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accomodate the public.

No person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

We are in receipt of the following postal card from Rudolph C. Gittermann, Odessa, South Russia:

December 18th, 1898.

Dear Sirs—In the October part of your THE BOOKMAN (I am a subscriber), on page III., of the annex (at the end of the part), you mention the book, *The Best Poems of the World*, but do not give price and the author's name. Please to inform me of both and oblige. Always please to mention prices and publishers, otherwise your readers cannot order the books.

So far as we are able we have always taken great pains in our reviews to mention the names of the publishers and the prices of the books, and with few exceptions this has been accomplished from the start. But the question raised by our Russian correspondent is rather a difficult one to answer, seeing that "The Best Poems in the World," was an announcement of a series which the *Saturday Evening Post* in its advertisement promised its readers. The mistake into which our correspondent has fallen is not altogether the result of his not being quite at home in our language,

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"MAISON VAUQUER" FROM THE STREET.

but is a compliment to the form of advertisement in which the Curtis Publishing Company put forth their announcement of "the oldest paper in America."

"Benjamin Swift" has nearly finished a new novel which will be ready for publication in the spring. It is to be called *Siren City* and is largely a study of Naples. Unlike Mr. Paterson's previous books, this one will eschew the sexual problem, or any other problem, unless it be that of Puritanism *versus* Paganism. "Puritanism, by which I mean a certain broadened modern Puritanism," he writes to a friend, "is made, I think, to win the victory without any ambiguity. I have dreamed over this book a long time, but the mere mechanical work of putting it together I do very quickly. Human passion and emotion are rapid, and I think they should be rapidly portrayed. I hate long novels." So do the majority of readers nowadays.

As far back as 1889, Mr. J. M. Barrie contributed an article on "The Coming Dramatist" to the first volume of the *Scots Observer*. When we recollect that at that date *The Little Minister* had not yet appeared, and that no thought of dramatisation had probably occurred to Mr. Barrie, the closing sentences of this article are especially interesting in view of his subsequent success as a playwright. "One would think," he says, "that there are novelists with us who could write plays that would be literary as well as effective. Some of them have tried and failed, but obviously because they did not set about it in the proper way. Plays and novels require quite different construction; but the story-writer who is dramatic could become sufficiently theatrical by serving a short apprenticeship to the stage. There are such prizes to pluck for those that can stand on tiptoe, that the absence of an outstanding dramatist is as surprising as it is disappointing."

Some months ago we published a picture of the house in which Eugénie Grandet lived. The accompanying views show the *Maison Vauquer* in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, in which Père Goriot passed the last years of his life, and which was the scene of his death. In one view the house is seen from the street, and in the other from the courtyard. Balzac speaks of the house as standing at the lower end of the road just where it slopes sharply down to the Rue de l'Arbalète. A visitor to-day will find the conditions in this quarter very much the same as described in Balzac's novel. Nothing has been practically changed, except that the road is now called the Rue l'Homond. Balzac dwells at length on the strange characteristics of this quarter to the south of the Pantheon. It remains much the same, bad paving, curious winding streets and quaint alleys, a general air of desolation and loneliness. In the Rue Mouffetard, one of the dirtiest of Paris streets, and within a stone's

"MAISON VAUQUER" FROM THE COURTYARD.

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GRAY'S COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

From a photograph by H. C. Shelley.

throw of the *Maison Vauquer*, Victor Hugo lived as a young man, as did also Ernest and Alphonse Daudet, at the time of their early struggles and privations. When these photographs were taken last September, workmen had begun the repaving of part of the Rue l'Homond.

The Macmillan Company has imported a new edition of Gray's *English Poems* from the Cambridge University Press. It is published in the Pitt Press Series, and is edited with an introduction and notes by D. C. Tovey, M.A. The poems have been arranged in chronological order, and a mass of biographical detail, much of it gathered from Gray's correspondence, has been given in the notes. It is just one hundred and forty-seven years since the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* was published. After his father's death in 1741, Gray's mother went to live with her two sisters at West End, Stoke Pogis, and it was there in 1750 that he finished his immortal *Elegy*. Dodsley brought it out in February, 1751, and it ran through four editions in two months. Gray died on July 30, 1771, aged fifty-five, and was laid to rest beside his mother in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis. Few spots are more sacred to the readers of English literature. Herewith we reproduce a picture of the country churchyard in which the *Elegy* was written.

We have often wondered why Dr. William Barry never followed up the success of *The New Antigone*, which was published without his name in 1887. To be sure, the book appealed rather to classical and cultivated readers than to the taste of the multitude, but it attracted much attention at the time of its publication in both countries, and it has always had a constant if limited audience. *The New Antigone* is a romantic treatment of the problems of anarchism, the free woman and Christian ideals. Hippolyta Valence was a fresh type in English fiction which has been imitated largely since then, and often with dire results. The treatment of the theme, when we recollect that the book was published over ten years ago, was very daring and unconventional. And now comes a new novel from Dr. Barry, very similar in treatment, following through various domestic phases the education of a soul,

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in *The Two Standards*, which will be published early this month by the Century Company. While the story is centred in Marian Greystoke, the religious and social problems of our time form its background, and give force to the movement of the book.

Dr. Barry is a Catholic priest, and is an eminent theologian and student of languages and literature. By descent he is a Norman Celt of the south-west of Ireland, and was educated at the well-known college of Oscott, near Birmingham, and at the English College, Rome. During his sojourn in the Eternal City, he witnessed the public sessions of the Vatican Council, and he saw Rome taken by the Italian army under General Cadorna. On returning to England, he received various honourable appointments in the Catholic community and lectured for some years on metaphysics and theology. Besides lecturing in many of the large towns in England, he contributed numerous articles to the *Dublin Review*, then under Dr. Ward's management. He also visited America some years ago, and gave lectures and addresses in New York, Washington, Baltimore, Toronto and Chicago. He has been a constant contributor of reviews and essays on literary, philosophical and social topics to the *Quarterly Review*, and other magazines, but his work in journalism has been for the most part anonymous. Several signed reviews by him have appeared in THE BOOKMAN. Dr. Barry lays marked stress on style. He holds that the novel is the one form in which tragedy now appeals to us, and that verse, however great its influence as a lyrical power, does not now, when applied to a story, seem deep enough to continue the great English tradition of the stage. The most distinctive note in Dr. Barry's romantic work is a passionate imagination, which expresses itself in opposed groups of characters, and in his poetic use of nature. We do not remember ever having seen a published portrait of Dr. Barry, and are permitted to reproduce the one which appears here by courtesy of the Century Company.

We understand that Mr. Phil May has in preparation a series of sketches intended to portray the various types of London street singers. He will probably call the book *Songs and Their Singers*. The field is certainly a fruitful one, and ought to yield rich material for Mr. May's irresistibly humorous pencil.

During the two years of his occupancy of the famous seat, where before him had sat Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold and others, the successor of Du Maurier in the pages of *Punch* has at last drawn upon him the attention of the American public. A number of Phil May's original drawings have been on exhibition in this city at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, and at present they are being exhibited in Philadelphia. Two years ago the Macmillan Company imported some copies of his *Gutter-Snipes* from the Leadenhall Press, London, but although fair attention was drawn to the work by the press, there was very little demand for it. Last autumn Mr. R. H. Russell acquired the rights to these sketches, and republished them. Already the book is in its third edition. While this shows the growth of Phil May's popularity, it should also be added that something is due to the fact that Mr. Russell made the book over again, printing the sketches with wide margins, and binding the sheets in a new

DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

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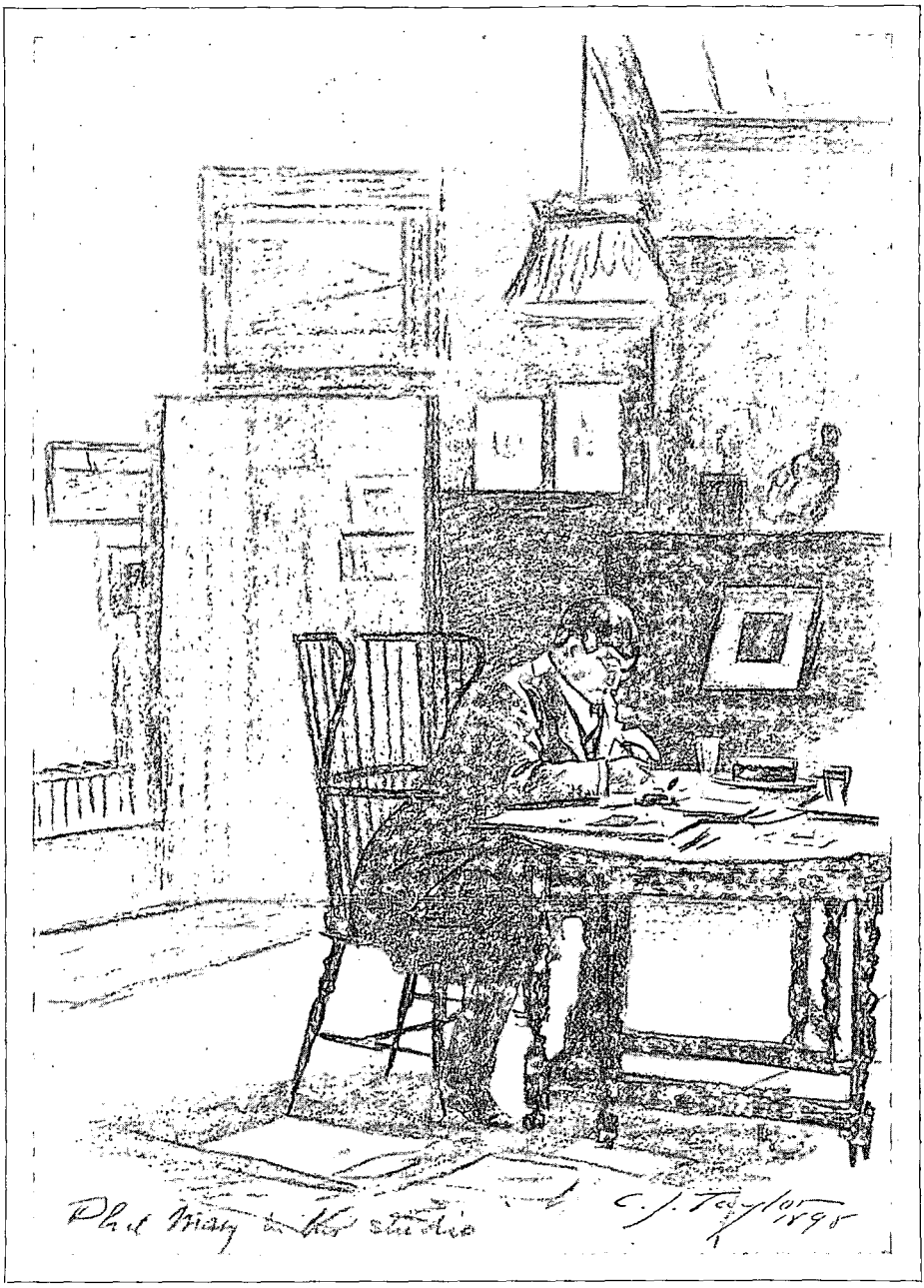

and artistic cover, which altogether makes the *Gutter-Snipes* of to-day much more enticing than the book of two years ago. It also illustrates the growing specialisation of various branches of the book trade.

The accompanying portrait of Phil May at work, which Mr. Russell permits us to print, is of unique value. It is common report among Mr. May's friends that he is never seen doing any work, and it is a mystery to them how the sketches and cartoons that bear his name ever emanate from his pencil. Phil May is certainly very irregular in his working habits, and it is said that his custom is to do about two months' work on occasion,

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between night and morning, when other people, not of Bohemia, are resting in their beds, as all well-regulated persons ought to be. Next day he will be off for a holiday to Holland or somewhere, and yet in spite of his frequent disappearances his work goes on. So that Mr. Taylor's portrait is a treasure, representing as it does the well-known artist as he appears when earning a living.

Yours Sincerely
Gilbert Parker

More novelists have made their escape from the bar into literature than from any other profession adopted by them at the beginning of their career. Mr. Gilbert Parker is an exception. When he matriculated in Trinity University, Toronto, it was with the idea of taking holy orders in the Church of England. He attended some lectures in Divinity and for a time assisted the late Canon Bleasdell in parish work. In 1886 he went to Australia on account of ill health, and while there he cast in his lot with literature. His first complete novel, *The Chief Factor*, has since been withdrawn from circulation by him, and his subsequent works have been issued in a uniform edition, some by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company and the rest by the Macmillan Company. *The Battle of the Strong*, his latest novel, is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and is reviewed on another page. Speaking some time ago of the future of Canadian literature, to which Mr. Parker has himself contributed in the field of fiction, he said: "The very slow dignity of Canadian literature may yet produce one man who will startle the world, who will express Canada's complete isolation as those who have gone before tried to express it, who will colour literature with the whole spirit of the country, the brave sky, the perfect system of government in miniature, so that those who see shall say, 'Who is this that cometh from Edom?' And you and I will say he is the master in literature. God send the day!"

Another Canadian writer, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, has also put forth a new

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book, in which he deals further with the loves and adventures of the Acadian people during the passing of New France, and captures for us something of the glory and the gleam of that dire and fearful but romantic period. *A Sister to Evangeline* is every way worthy of the author of *The Forge in the Forest*.

One of the good things that happened to us on Christmas Day was the urgent recommendation of a friend to read *The*

E. L. VOYNICH.

Gadfly. We began reading the novel accordingly the next morning, and truth to tell, it was hard to brook interruption until we had finished it. Of course we know that for a year back the book has been more or less widely read and talked about, but there may be many persons like ourselves who, for one reason or another, have passed it by. But the strong impression which we have received from this belated reading convinces us that *The Gadfly* is a book that cannot be passed lightly by, and that the author is one not lightly to be considered. One cannot read this book through without great admiration for its talent and its uncommon vigour. The writer's full powers do not come into requisition in the preliminary chapters, which are delicately touched with an idyllic humour and charm that invite us to linger; but before we have gone far the sunlight of the prologue becomes overcast with dark foreboding. With the opening of the second part of the book we are swept suddenly into a passionate story of the times and struggles of Young Italy. But the incident, though stirring and picturesque, furnishes merely a background for the Gadfly, the notorious conspirator and scathing pamphleteer, and the real interest of the story becomes centred in his embodiment of the claims of humanity as against the claims made by the Church for a crucified God. The Gadfly is one of those persons who gain a tremendous influence over their fellows, for this strong reason among others, that their point of view is personal, that the circumstances and the friends of their private life control their attitude of love or defiance to the general world. Such men and women—and there are more women than men—are more vivid in their lives than others, and impress their contemporaries to an abnormal degree, even when they are unjust and unreasonable. The central situation of *The Gadfly* is strikingly dramatic, almost melodramatic at times; but if this overemphasis offend one in the novel, it will lend itself more readily to the play which the author is now constructing from the story. There is also too much torture, mental and physical, in the book, and all the scenes do not convince us. We believe that the Cardinal died of a broken heart, but he who upheld the dignity of the Church so long, who preferred its interests and the true safety of his flock before the life of his beloved son, did not break out into that hysterical raving on Corpus Christi Day. What is wholly real and admirable is the personality of the bitter, biting, mocking, suffering Gadfly, untameable, unrelenting and always "game"—a living man, who will force the most unwilling reader's sympathy along the painful track of his career, as he won that of the men and women he worked with, so agonisingly and with such splendid loyalty.

The author of *The Gadfly* is Ethel Lillian Voynich, born of English parents, some thirty-three years ago, in Ire-

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land and educated in London. Her husband is a native of Lithuania in Russian Poland, a quiet, cultivated gentleman, who, not approving of the methods of the Russian government, migrated to England. The distressing rumours that have got into print stating that Mr. Voynich was a Siberian exile, and that his life has been brimful of tragic incidents, are wholly unfounded. Before her marriage, Mrs. Voynich was Miss Boole, the daughter of the eminent logician of that name, and like many an English girl, she spent several years on the Continent, but since her marriage with Mr. Voynich, her home has been in London, and her life has been singularly quiet and happy. *The Gadfly* is her first published book. For some years she confined herself to the work of translation, chiefly from Russian literature, in order to gain maturity of expression before attempting her novel. "When at last I started my novel," she says, "it took me a long time to write, especially as the subject demanded some study of an obscure and indeed almost unexplored page of Italian history—the work of the intransigent 'sects' in the four Legations." The hero of *The Gadfly* is an entirely imaginary person, and both plot and characters are purely fictitious. The only piece of actual history in the novel is the account of the conveyance of firearms for the Lombardo-Venetian rising, from Southampton to Leghorn and across Tuscany to Brisighelli and Faenza; and the only historical persons are the smugglers, Marcone and Domenicchino, whom she knew personally in their old age. One of them, a Romagnole peasant, died lately at the age of eighty-seven, in great poverty, utterly neglected and forgotten, after having done more for Italy than many persons to whose memory she has erected monuments. It is only fair to say that his poverty was to some extent voluntary; he had been offered a pension for having saved Garibaldi's life at the risk of his own. This pension he refused, saying that he worked for Italy, not for money. The old man's name was Luigo Bassani.

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The Gadfly is published in this country by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. Like *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, published by the same firm, *The Gadfly* has won its way to the front on its merits wholly without any special advertising or other vehicle of pressure on the minds of the reading public.

G. W. DE FOREST.

The return of Mr. G. W. De Forest to the literary world will be welcomed by the many readers who remember his early works which Mr. Howells in particular praised so highly. We give herewith a portrait of Mr. De Forest from his latest photograph. His new novel, *A Lover's Revolt*, is reviewed among our Novel Notes.

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Brontë lovers, especially of that strange solitary genius Emily Brontë, will find several most interesting chapters about her in Maeterlinck's *Wisdom and Destiny*. Mr. Sutro, by the way, has made a curious slip in translating Maeterlinck's reference to the home of the Brontës. "*Le presbytère*," or "*la maison du pasteur*," beomes in the translation, "the rectory," "the vicarage," and "the parsonage." The last word only can be correctly used. Mr. Brontë was not a rector or vicar, but perpetual curate of Haworth, and Mrs. Gaskell refers to his house as Haworth parsonage.

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Very sincerely Mary Johnston

One of the successful novels of the season is the work of a new writer who is still under thirty. Miss Mary Johnston was born in November, 1870, in Virginia, and comes of a long line of Virginian ancestry, originally emigrating from Scotland to that colony in 1727. Her forbears have always been more or less prominent in the local history of their times, and the stirring of the blood has come down through these turbulent generations to find a peaceful repository in Miss Johnston's tale of old colonial Virginia. Most of her childhood and early youth were spent in Buchanan, Virginia, where she was born. As her health was delicate she received her early education at home, which was of a very desultory nature, for the most part gained from old-fashioned books in an old-fashioned library. She was allowed to browse at will, and her choice fastened on very few books that might be called juvenile. But she was also fond of Nature, and there is scarcely a stream or mountain path or piece of woods around her native town that she did not explore. The Natural Bridge of Virginia was only twelve miles away, and the Peaks of Otter half that distance. In her sixteenth year the family removed to Birmingham, Alabama, her father being then engaged in building the Georgia Pacific Railroad, of which he was president. Since then her home has been mainly in Birmingham, with the excep-

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tion of four years spent in New York, although she has travelled a good deal both in this country and abroad. When Miss Johnston lost her mother nine years ago, she became the head of a large household, and during the intervening years has been a very busy little woman with many interests and responsibilities. Her writing has been largely recreative, something to be picked up at odd moments when nothing more pressing engaged her attention. She will not commit herself concerning her future work, but a book like *Prisoners of Hope* is so rare that one wishes to urge her on to further efforts, and to give her every encouragement. *Prisoners of Hope*, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company only a few months ago, is now in its fifth thousand, and it has reached this sale, we may say, entirely on its own merits. The book and its author are now becoming the subject of marked and wider attention.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

"I can see no romance in English history, and that is why I write of the history of France," said Mr. Weyman, in that interview of three years ago, which made the late Harold Frederic lift his eyebrows in astonishment when he read the amazing statement. For, as Mr. Frederic pointed out, the author of *A Gentleman of France* stood as he spoke on the summit of the highest tower of the ruined castle of Ludlow in Shropshire, in which town Mr. Weyman resides. Every stone of the masonries which lie beneath his gaze speaks of romance and is mutely eloquent of the most glorious history. Nor is much imagination needed to fashion forth, gliding over the outer or inner courts, those whose names will ever be associated with the now dismantled pile of Ludlow Castle: Roger de Montgomery who began, Joce de Dinan who completed this formidable stronghold; Sir Ernauld de Lis, the traitor, and his lady love Marianna de Bruer, who admitted him to the castle by a rope ladder, but slew him when his felonious purpose was made patent; the long array of Mortimers, murderous or elegant, and a whole most animated masquerade of men in armour, and kirtled women and pages in fanciful attire. There played in childish sports the two little princes, to whom this castle was the ante-chamber to that sinister bedroom in the

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Tower of London; there walked the poet Milton with his ink-horn in his belt, a handsome ringleted youth, secretary to my lord, the Earl of Bridgewater, with the manuscript of the "Masque of Comus" in a roll. The very walls ring with the clamours of York and Lancaster, the stir of roundhead and cavalier. English history pleads her picturesqueness from every corner on which, in his walks abroad in the beautiful town of his birth, Mr. Weyman's observant eyes may alight, but in the irony of things the eyes look away and beyond to the land of the alien.

A year ago, however, Mr. Weyman made an attempt to use English romance in *Shrewsbury*. There was good writing and some fine scenes and situations in the story, but on the whole it failed, and even Mr. Weyman's kindest critics had to be severe. But with his new novel of adventure, *The Castle Inn*, in which he has also borrowed his material from English history, Mr. Weyman has achieved a success that will add to his popularity as a writer of romance. It is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and is reviewed in this number in conjunction with Mr. Parker's new tale of adventure. Mr. Weyman, by the way, spent some of his youthful years in the Senior House of Shrewsbury School, where he made acquaintance with many of the English classics in the House Library. History has always fascinated him, and among the first things which he wrote was a study on "Oliver Cromwell's Kinsfolk," which appeared in the *Historical Review*, and which brought to the author a letter of approval from Frederic Harrison. It is generally known that it was Professor Baird's *History of the Huguenots* which gave Mr. Weyman his first incentive to write of the stir of arms in a period which was elegant and refined; while reading it he conceived the plot of *The House of the Wolf*, the beginning of a series of successful novels whose scenes are laid in France. Mr. Weyman has repeatedly proclaimed his indebtedness to Professor Baird for setting him on the right road to success. The portrait which we give of Mr. Weyman is from a new photograph which has been loaned to us for the purpose by Mr. A. P. Watt, who is Mr. Weyman's literary agent. It is considered the best photograph that has yet been taken of Mr. Weyman.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has given book form to the play with which John Oliver Hobbes has achieved dramatic success in London. "To write a play," the author has said, "you must study life. You want a peculiar sort of instinct for it—the instinct of knowing what will 'go.' You must remember that, after all, whether the play is a tragedy or a comedy, it must be an entertainment," and such the critics have declared *The Ambassador* to be. Mrs. Craigie does not think that the reading of plays helps a dramatist much, and she does not read plays herself.

She has, however, found her great knowledge of music of great assistance, especially in writing dialogue for the stage. Mrs. Craigie's skill as a playwright, exhibited in what is practically a first play, has been loudly praised by the critics. Mr. William Archer is especially enthusiastic. "Some people," he says, "are born with the knack of the stage. Mrs. Craigie has in an eminent degree the knack, the instinct of the scene. The knack of the stage, however, is not everything; there goes a great deal more than that to the making of a dramatist. Mrs. Craigie has one thing more—she has wit. She has also another thing—knowledge of society." Mr. Archer notes, as especially characteristic of *The Ambassador*, the delicate, artistic feeling with which the author has constantly kept her play in the key of comedy. "We are interested throughout in the fate of her leading personages, but we never have a moment's painful uneasiness concerning them. The whole play is steeped in an April atmosphere of sunshine, scarcely dimmed by transient and iridescent showers."

Mrs. Craigie's first play, in which Mr. George Moore rendered some assistance, was written for Miss Ellen Terry. It was called *Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting*, and was described in the French style as a "proverb." Miss Terry's acting in this play was so effective and it so absorbed Mrs. Craigie's attention, as to make her actually forget for a while that she had

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written it. Besides the sequel to *The School for Saints*, upon which Mrs. Craigie is now engaged and which she says it will take her four years to finish, she is also writing a tragedy.

Can the following unsigned and undated communication be intended as a mild satire on the Omar fad? It will be observed that the existence and whereabouts of the club are very much at large in time and space:

It may interest readers of THE BOOKMAN to know that there *is* an Omar Khayyám Club here in America. The club was formed several years ago by a few young men and young women who, in remote sections of the country, evinced an interest in the works of the Persian astronomer-poet. The club has no abiding place at present—no form of rule or order: *it is*. There are no fees of any sort. A love for Omar and for his translator of translators, Edward FitzGerald, is all that is requisite to make one eligible to membership. The simplicity and quietness and love of seclusion of "Old Fitz" are reflected in this little coterie; and this is why the club is so little known.

The Omar Khayyám Club has its own private press, with its old-style types. All work is done by hand. An edition of the *Rubáiyát* unique of its kind, is soon to issue, for the delectation of the members. This edition is limited to thirty-nine copies, for which no charge is made. The arc-light of the club, with press and types and plans for the making of books, is to be removed anon to a more appropriate shrine, where, in the quiet and peace of the country, books may grow under his hands. The members of the club are desirous to plant there a rose-tree cutting from the historic bush that blooms over the grave of Edward FitzGerald.

MRS. FISKE, IN "LITTLE ITALY."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

In *Little Italy*, a one-act play dealing with a touching phase of humble Italian life in the old Mulberry Bend district of New York, Mrs. Fiske has found an unusual, if not remarkable rôle, that of Giulia, a young wife whose former lover coming from Italy is discovered to her by the familiar song he sings in the street below her window. Giulia and her lover meet and the old romance is revived only to end in tragedy, as Giulia is killed by the fall of a dumb-waiter in which she has concealed herself from her jealous husband. The play in both theme and treatment recalls something of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *I Pagliacchi*. It is the work of Colonel Horace B. Fry, a New York clubman and literateur. It was first produced at the Grand Opera House in Chicago on the seventeenth of November last, and will be seen this spring

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in New York on the boards of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where Mrs. Fiske is soon to begin her annual engagement. *Magda* will also be presented, and another play, not yet announced, which Mrs. Fiske intends to add to her repertory. We reproduce in advance a photograph of Mrs. Fiske as Giulia in *Little Italy*, now printed for the first time.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.

We have not heard from Mr. Coulson Kernahan for some time, but we understand that he has been working hard on two books which he expects to have ready for publication in the autumn. One of them will be entitled *Scoundrels All*, and is on the lines of his *Captain Shannon;* the other is written after the manner of *A Book of Strange Sins*, and will be called *Dead Faces*.

The Macmillan Company claims to have discovered another romantic writer in the person of Mr. Charles Donnel Gibson, whose novel, *My Lady and Allen Darke*, will be published by them in the spring. The plot is said to be stirring and dramatic, and is concerned with life at the end of the last century on a large plantation, situated on an island off the coast of Virginia. Allen Darke is held in captivity by the father of his lady love, who is described as being "wilful, beautiful, passionate, but womanly"—which certainly suggests exciting possibilities. The same firm will publish a new story entitled *Young April*, by Egerton Castle, the author of *The Pride of Jennico*. *Young April* contains the chronicle of one month of spring time in the existence of its principal characters, who are involved in a drama of mingled passion and mirth, laughter and tears and chivalry, as changeful as "the uncertain glory of an April day." From this announcement we should judge that the readers of *The Pride of Jennico* will not be disappointed in Mr. Castle's second novel.

It is now established beyond question that Miss Elizabeth Robins, the Ibsen actress, is the clever author who has been writing fiction for several years under the pseudonym "C. E. Raimond." The author of *George Mandeville's Husband*, and the books which followed, was left untroubled until her new book, *The Open Question*, recently published in England, piqued curiosity and set the literary detectives to ferretting out her identity. Miss Robins, it appears, regrets that she has not been able to preserve her disguise, and has recently contributed a long letter to the London *Daily Chronicle*, deploring that, now that it has been discovered that she has acted in *The Master Builder*, it will be impossible to have her books criticised without reference to the influence of Ibsen.

The Open Question, which Messrs. Harper and Brothers will publish this month, is a novel which it is impossible to ignore. For good or for evil, for praise or for blame, it is one of those books about

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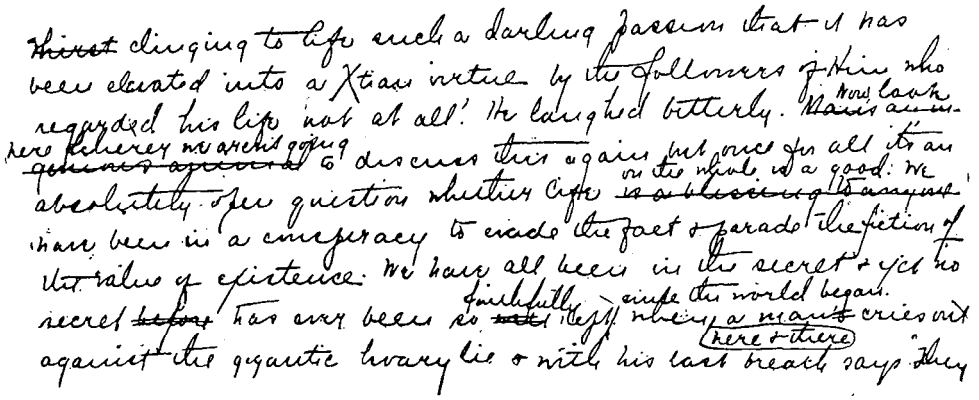
which every critic interested in the fiction of the present day must have a definite opinion. The very force and power of the book come to us as a challenge. It is not a pleasant nor an elevating spectacle that Miss Robins has offered us—a man and a woman shifting their share of human responsibility, deliberately



FAC-SIMILE OF A PASSAGE IN MISS ROBINS'S MANUSCRIPT IN WHICH "THE OPEN QUESTION" IS MENTIONED.

chosing the more ignoble part, and using their higher faculties only to find more elaborate schemes of selfishness. We must admit the power of the book; we are conscious of the seething whirl of passion that sweeps the reader on to a breathless close, and drowns criticism in a wave of sympathetic emotion. But the view of life it presents is morbid, unwholesome and demoralising. The only genuine bit of lasting excellence is the character of Mrs. Gano, the grandmother of the hero and heroine. There are bone and muscle in her, and a strength of fibre that leaves her memory with us as the one first-rate thing in the book—the one thing that rings true. For the rest, we can only regret that a writer of so much power and exceptional ability should have elected to build her house on the sand. For, after all, *The Open Question* will go the way of all books of its kind; it will be much discussed at dinners, and written about in the press; it will have its little day of success, and then be forgotten.

❧

A friend of the late William Black, who knew him very well, contributes some reminiscences of the novelist to THE BOOKMAN. Black, he says, had many friends among men—Sir Norman Lockyer, Colin Hunter, Mr. George Lillie Craik of Messrs. Macmillan, and Dr. Lauder Brunton, were all very good friends of his, and many other men distinguished in various fields of life will mourn in him a kindly, merry, loyal-hearted friend. Many of his books, it appears, have for their framework journeys taken or holidays spent with these men friends—for he was, as the phrase goes, "a man's man." *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* was written after a visit to America, in company with Mr. Craik and Dr. Lauder Brunton, and it afforded Black a great deal of amusement to have them afterwards half indignantly pick out their own particular crumbs of conversation or appreciations of scenery from the general mass. Dr. Brunton, as "Dr. Angus Sutherland," also appears in *White Wings*.

❧

The late Mr. Alexander Macmillan once said: "I told Black the other day that *A Daughter of Heth* was the best thing he ever did, and he didn't like it at all, because it was one of the first books he ever wrote." While writing his novels, when he came to the most critical parts of his stories, he used to shut himself up and would see no one, even having his meals sent up to his room. He was twice married, and his first wife, as Queen Tita, is a well-known character in most of his novels. His widow recognises herself as Dove Annerley in *In Silk Attire*. Mrs. Black used to tell pathetically how much she wept over the death of Coquette in *A Daughter of Heth*, and how, in a moment of

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sympathy over her tears, Mr. Black promised that never again would he kill a heroine, so that she was indignant over his perfidy when Madcap Violet died. "If I had not killed Coquette, she would never have been heard of," said Black in self-defence.

When Mr. Black wished to introduce a theatrical element into one of his books, his friends laughed, as they told each other that "Black had gone touring with a travelling company, and was going on every evening as a super." Once upon a time he took up chemistry, in the hope of discovering for himself which wall papers were arsenical, and which were safe, and devoted all his energies to this end. "The chemical business is all a muddle," he wrote to a friend; "the beast of a thing would finally do nothing but sputter and crack and bubble out water. Perhaps the simplest way out of the difficulty would be to give all of the papers over to a professional analyst." Surely a rather obvious thought!

Many of Mr. Black's friends as we have said find themselves—can we say immortalised—in his books? Scarcely, we fear; for Mr. Black's writings, though pleasant in their lives, can hardly hope for the immortality of the libraries of future generations. A good fellow, a good friend, a true artist, a generous cordial host, a man of warm heart, who did many generous, kindly deeds that will never be published outside of the little world he did them in—such a man was William Black. And by Mickleham Downs and Rottingdean—in Far Lochaber—and down the Western coast that knew his yacht so well—in the Reform Club where so often the rosy-faced man, with eyes that twinkled behind his spectacles, might have been seen entertaining his friends—in Green Pastures and Piccadilly—are to be found those to whom the death of William Black, in the prime of his life, is no light sorrow.

Surely the charge of indifference to reading cannot be urged against Cape Colony, in view of the recent large sale there of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. During the first three days the booking through the medium of one paper alone reached over one hundred sets. This is a record to which even the *Times* in London did not attain.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare's masterly exposition of the Dreyfus case is well known to all who have followed the recent events in France. Now that he has collected these articles in book form, his exposure is all the more terrible and convincing. No one who would understand the details of the scandalous *affaire* can afford to miss the book. It is not so much criticism as a collection of documents and depositions, which speak for themselves to every thinking being. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Conybeare's book is a serious contribution to the history of the nineteenth century. *The Dreyfus Case* has just been published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The demand for *Aylwin* continues to be great, both in England and in this country, but especially in England, where the author is better known. Mr. Watts-Dunton, we believe, has been encouraged by the reception of his work, and is preparing for the press another novel written some time ago. It is possible that it may appear first in serial form.

Dr. George MacDonald has been removed to his home in Bordighera. He bore the journey fairly well, but he is at present in a very weak state of health. It is quite unlikely that Dr. MacDonald will ever write anything more.

We believe that the manuscript of *Alice in Wonderland* was handed by the author to Mrs. George MacDonald, who read it to her children, and finding that they were interested in it, she and her husband advised Mr. Dodgson to publish it, which he accordingly did. We understand, by the way, that in addition to the *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*, to be published in a few days by the Century Company, there will be another biography by one of the family.

There is some talk of a biographical edition of Dickens on the lines of Mrs.

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Ritchie's biographical edition of Thackeray, which has met with such popular favour. Another firm of publishers in England has in preparation a biographical edition of the novels of Charles Kingsley. The biographical introductions will be written by "Lucas Malet," who, it will be remembered, is the youngest daughter of the author of *Westward Ho!* and the author of *The Wages of Sin.*

In her biographical introduction to *The Newcomes,* Mrs. Ritchie tells us that in May, 1855, Thackeray went to Coventry to deliver a lecture, and that he continued his writing of *The Newcomes* at Rose Hill, then the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bray, where he stayed for the night. Mrs. Bray has since placed at the disposal of the Coventry *Herald* the following letter, which she received from Thackeray shortly afterward:

"36, *Onslow Square, May 4th* [1855].

"My dear Mrs. Bray,—A box from Coventry came to our house a few days ago, and ever since my daughters come down to breakfast with the most brilliant breast-knots imaginable. Their old gowns retire as it were, and become invisible before these beautiful ribbons. I must send you and your neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Cash, my thanks for this adornment of my family. I wonder if I shall ever walk with my girls in Stoneleigh Park with you and Mr. Bray in our company, and your little girl trotting on ahead picking flowers as many coloured as Coventry ribbons? Some time in June such a thing may very possibly happen. That was a delightful day in the Park; and Birmingham afterwards was a pleasant holiday—where I saw schools (King Edward's—a very agreeable sight) and sword-making, and Edgbaston—and very kind people at St. Philip's Rectory—as kind as you of Coventry, which is saying a good deal.

"It seems to me a hundred years since I was there—nevertheless the recollection is very friendly and kindly. I send my very best regards to your husband and sister, and am yours all very sincerely,

W. M. Thackeray.

"Did you find out the interpolation in the last number? Fred Bayham's speech at the dinner, and the description of the furniture and the barrel organ, were done upstairs in that sunny bed-room, nay in that snug bed.

"Thank you for the Coventry *Herald.*"

A rather belated publication reached us last month from Mr. A. M. Robertson of San Francisco. For the purposes of trade *Ten Drawings in Chinatown,* by Ernest C. Peixotto, came too late to capture the fancy of the holiday book-buyers, but the intrinsic and artistic importance of Mr. Peixotto's work gives it a place apart and presents a unique attraction to all lovers of art. Mr. Peixotto has become better known in the East during the last year, and his services are increasingly in demand for illustrative work in the best magazines.

An interesting parallel between the well-known "Explanation" of Rudyard Kipling, and a "Fable" not so well known, written in 1634 by one Richard Flecknoe, has been pointed out to us by a correspondent. It is his opinion that the old poet surpasses the modern, and he suggests that another "explanation" is due from Mr. Kipling. We leave the matter in open court. Here are the two poems:

FABLE.

Love and Death o' th' way once meeting,
Having passed a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
Lay them down, themselves reposing;
When this fortune did befall 'em,
Which after did so much appal 'em;
Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep, but, while Death rested,
All in haste away he posts him:
But his haste full dearly costs him;
For it chanced, that going to sleeping,
Both had giv'n their darts in keeping
Unto Night; who (Error's mother)
Blindly knowing not th' one from th' other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceived it,
Whilst as blindly Love received it;
Since which time, their darts confounding,
Love now kills instead of wounding;
Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

1634. *Richard Flecknoe.*

THE EXPLANATION.

Love and Death once ceased their strife,
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhored;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

1890. *Rudyard Kipling.*

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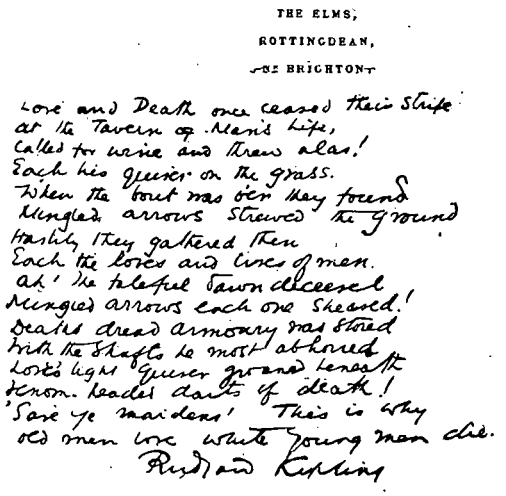
This same poem, "Explanation," is evidently a favourite of Mr. Kipling's, or of Mrs. Kipling's, who sent a copy in the poet's autograph for the Souvenir Programme of the Siegel-Cooper Company Employees' Association, a copy of which has reached us. It will be seen that Mr. Kipling has risen to the occasion, and substituted for the late five lines a more


THE ELMS,
ROTTINGDEAN,
NR BRIGHTON.

Love and Death once ceased their strife
at the Tavern of Man's Life,
Called for wine and threw dice.
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah! the fateful dawn discerned
Mingled arrows each one shewed!
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred
Love's light quiver ground beneath
Demon-headed darts of death!
Save ye maidens! This is why
old men love while young men die.
Rudyard Kipling

AUTOGRAPH LINES BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

gallant couplet. In this interesting programme there is also a humorous contribution from Mr. Robert Barr, in the form of an "Ode to Four Thousand Girls." "Bless the dear girls," sings Mr. Barr, "I've seen 'em—"

Last spring, fatigued of Eastern moor and mountain,
I voyaged to New York and met 'em at the Fountain.

Mr. Barr tells how he wandered into the Book Department, and with heart in mouth, trembling asked,

"Of all the novels, which is mostly read?"
I hoped she'd answer, "Oh the best by far,
Are the immortal works by Robert Barr."
Alas! Her recommend took no such scope,
She praised the pens of Kipling, Doyle and Hope;
Spoke well of Davis; lauded Leicester Ford,
Julian Ralph, Cy. Warman, cloth or board,
Or paper covers cheap.
Heap piled on heap,
Naming all the living authors except one, for she
Never mentioned me!

"Mr. Robert Barr at Home," is the subject of an interesting article in the January number of *The Young Man*, which magazine, peculiar to British journalism, starts out auspiciously on the thirteenth year of its history under the able editorship of Mr. Frederick A. Atkins. The room in which Mr. Barr writes is strewed with books and periodical literature, and two interesting portrait studies of Rudyard Kipling hang on the walls. Mr. Barr is one of Mr. Kipling's oldest friends, it may be said, and each is a warm admirer of the other's work. Mr. Barr is not a methodical worker, and only writes when he is in the mood, but as a rule he writes quickly when once he has started. His handwriting, as will be seen from the accompanying fac-simile of his manuscript, is very legible. The page of manuscript reproduced is from his new novel, *Tekla*, which has just been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. A singular coincidence in the publication of Mr. Barr's *The Mutable Many*, at the time of an engineers' strike in England, caused many people to think that the book had been written to suit the emergency, and some of Mr. Barr's critics were not slow to take advantage of the apparent fact. As a matter of course, however, Mr. Barr had spent ten years in thinking it out, and two years in writing it.

Mr. Barr began life as a teacher, and for a time was the Head Master of the Public School at Windsor, Ontario, where his parents still live. He holds a life certificate for teaching, so that he could take it up again if he felt so disposed. In Mr. Barr's estimation there is no profession of greater importance. It is natural, therefore, to find him saying that what interested him most during his trip to the United States last year was the flourishing condition of American schools. Mr. Barr claims to have inaugurated the system of supplementary reading in schools twenty years ago, when Head Master of Windsor School. This was not done without protest from the mayor and the clergymen of the town, but in packing away the ordinary school books and introducing good literature, even if it were fiction, he had no fear of the results. The progress made by the pupils was so satisfactory that the idea spread through oth-

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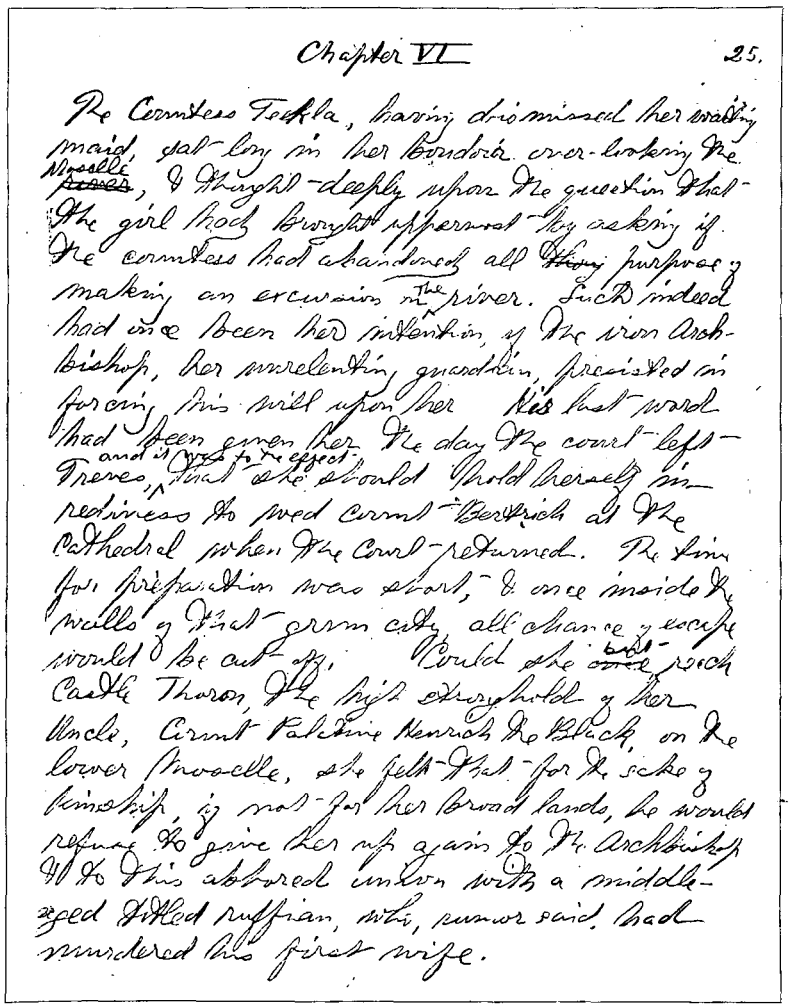

Chapter VI 25.

The Countess Tekla, having dismissed her waiting maid, sat long in her boudoir over-looking the Moselle, & thought deeply upon the question that the girl had brought uppermost by asking if the countess had abandoned all purpose of making an excursion on the river. Such indeed had once been her intention, if the iron Archbishop, her unrelenting guardian, persisted in forcing his will upon her. His last word had been given her the day the court left Treves, and it was to the effect that she should hold herself in redness to wed Count Bertrich at the Cathedral when the Court returned. The time for preparation was short, & once inside the walls of that grim city all chance of escape would be cut off. Could she but reach Castle Thoron, the high stronghold of her Uncle, Count Palatine Henrich the Black, on the lower Moselle, she felt that for the sake of kinship, if not for her broad lands, he would refuse to give her up again to the Archbishop & to this abhored union with a middle-aged titled ruffian, who, rumor said, had murdered his first wife.

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF MR. BARR'S MANUSCRIPT FROM "TEKLA," HIS LATEST NOVEL.

er schools, until it became an organised system. Mr. Barr found that the two favourite novelists with his scholars during his term as teacher were Mark Twain and Charles Dickens. It afforded him some amusement during his recent visit to find the pupils in one of our schools studying a story of his which had been published in *McClure's Magazine*, and which they were required to write out from memory in their own language. Mr. Barr had a curiosity to see their productions, and he found them wonderfully well done—"quite improved versions, I assure you." Mr. Barr is strongly in favour of an Anglo-American alliance. He says that he has been working for years to promote a better understanding between the two peoples, and that wherever he travelled in the States last year he found a desire on the part of the most rational and thoughtful Americans to draw the bonds of union closer to the old country.

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The first story, by the way, that Mr. Barr ever wrote was published in *The Youth's Companion*.

❧

The *Saturday Review* has at last changed owners, and unless something else has time to happen to it before this statement gets into print, it will be a decorous Conservative and Anglican sheet,

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contritely trying to regain the confidence of its old readers. The change is significant, and reinforces several copy-book adages which it would be invidious for us to repeat. Cleverness rather than honesty has been its aim in the past, and it has said a number of very good things on behalf of many very bad causes. Along its zigzag route toward failure one can pick up withered epigrams by the scores. It shocked some and amused others, but it did not reckon with the economic potency of the homely virtues; it fell short at least of the genius that is necessary, if malice in the long run is to be made to pay. In point of mere cleverness, it had not an equal among all the weekly periodicals in the English language; and yet so heavy was its moral handicap that it was not clever enough. A double obligation of wit was imposed upon it, and it could not meet it, though it was forever on the strain. Its pungency was evanescent and its spiciness turned flat in the aftertaste. There was too much obviousness both of motive and of effort in what it did.

❧

So the *Saturday* has had to creep back to the fold and ask forgiveness of those who are old enough to remember its virtuous youth: while its bad spirit, the former editor, is exorcised, and, if the story is true, goes to manage a hotel at Monte Carlo. It is exceedingly hard to keep from moralising about this; but the story is so perfect in all ethical requisities that it is a parable just as it stands. A detail that is especially worth noting is that the former editor-in-chief was not only accused of literary misdeeds, but had been deserted by his city editor, who said that he had been required to puff companies in the financial pages of the *Review* when he could not conscientiously do so. Another thing that adds to the moral beauty of the wind-up is the attitude of this periodical towards us Americans, of whom it never lost a chance to say malicious things, until a few months ago, when, finding itself alone, and having its mind on sales, it turned suddenly and hypocritically sweet. The ignorance it has shown in what it said of America is hardly conceivable. It rarely got anything straight and at times its grotesque inaccuracy made it the butt even of English journals. It was always working for brilliant effects, and the facts had to be cut to fit the design. In the war with Spain the United States appeared to it as a hulking young bully, jostling a courteous old roué, until for reasons of policy it became necessary for it to profess approval of our cause. And even in a comparatively recent issue we are lectured on the need of sobriety in our bearing toward other nations; while in the very same number Sir Edmund Monson's "pin prick" speech is dismissed with a brief, bland comment. All went well so long as it supplied the ounce of wit with the grain of malice, but when it reversed the proportions of these ingredients, it began to bore those whom it did not anger, and its circulation suffered.

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During its recreant days its literary influence has been considerable. In the purely subjective criticism that leads nowhere, it inspired many imitators, but remained without a peer. Some of its slapdash was delightful. And besides slapdash there were honest essays in criticism, as keen and vivid as they were genuine; but these were comparatively rare, and it was the slapdash for the most part that was imitated. In this country, especially, the compliment of imitation was paid it, and many a brawling little Thersites of the literary press owed its rise and fall in the United States to the smart example of the *Saturday Review*. Groups of young men, mistaking their growing pains for the anguish of insurgent genius, gathered and said, "We, too, were born in Arcady. Let us found something and say clever things against other things." And thereupon appeared a large number of little winding-sheets of early hopes, with cover designs in which emaciated young women, done in black and red, writhed predominantly. Inside, you read the language of revolt. Intense young souls, tortured by you knew not what, hurled themselves upon something or other that you could not make out, and tore it tooth and nail. Then the little magazines all died, and silence reigned again. The real meaning of this disturbance in Lilliput is not known. Like the Children's Crusade it remains one of the

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enigmas of history. But its connection with French decadence and symbolism is not more certain than its relation to the easily imitated mordancy of the *Saturday Review*. In fact it is to the latter influence that the movement owed what little vital energy it possessed.

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We have frequently referred to a common and constant source of grievance to publishers, namely, the impossible letters and manuscripts which they are continually receiving from the most impossible people. The strangest thing about this is, that when you meet these people on any other plane of life, they seem to act as sensibly and to talk as sanely as other people. Some time ago we published a letter from one of these persons afflicted with the disease of authorship, and gave our word for it that it was not at all an unusual occurrence. Another very amusing letter has recently come into our hands, which we can vouch for as being genuine and indicative of the letters which are received by publishers every other day. We print it verbatim:

Gentlemen: You have been mentioned to me as publishers of books, printers and binders. I have made the first draft of a book, which I shall soon correct, rewrite, and next give to a fine writer to copy; ready for to be put into type. I should be very happy to get it done here on this [Pacific] coast, where one is not so over run and spoiled by bad, worthless manuscripts. I merely ask your permission to give me a chance to prove to you I X L merits of my manuscript, which you will find immeasurable, unsurpassed by any form of book ever published. It involves the whole Universe, God, man, every institution on Earth, man's existence, destiny, future evolution and how to do it, gives the only key on Earth to lay man's faculties open before the world, and put the right man into the right place, it unlocks the Universe, heaven and eternity to man, shows him what they are, it makes man acquainted with God, teaching him God's nature, purpose, relations to man, why man was created, it debates many difficult problems, it elucidates the whole bible, makes a wonderful comparison between all the nations on Earth as to their moral worth, arriving at a wonderful result, it gives several essays of human life, present and new Era, pointing out the defects of the present system or rather the lack of it and points out the superiority of the system adopted in the new Era. And many more noble and sublime features are found in it which will help to ennoble & elevate man.

No Gentlemen, I do not want you to publish my book, unless you are satisfied. after reading the Manuscript, that it is worth publishing. All I ask is:—Permission to send or bring it to you for inspection. I shall get 6 Photos taken to point a moral or adorn a tale. Could you get them engraved in ———, in case you accept? I deem this book a dire neccessity to the world, it will surely save it, and make it much better.

So if you Gentlemen will honour me with a reply I shall be happy; it will be three months yet, before I will have the Manuscript ready.

Yours respectfully and truly,

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In one of the stories published in Ian Maclaren's new volume of fiction, Elijah Higginbotham boasts that he does not know anything about literature, and thanks God that his Bible and *The Pilgrim's Progress* are enough for him. One of the most interesting essays in the last Stevenson volume, published in the Thistle edition, is a reprint of an article on Bagster's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which appeared in the *Magazine of Art* in 1882. Bunyan's masterpiece has a perennial interest for the Anglo-Saxon race, and to a large portion of it, it is especially interesting at present on account of the latest illustrated edition, pictured by the Brothers Rhead, and published by the Century Company. Few books, if any, have appealed so widely and so often to the artist and the illustrator, and Stevenson's article, which we have reprinted on another page, will afford entertainment to those who had the good fortune in their childhood to get their first impressions of *The Pilgrim's Progress* from Bagster's edition, with its numerous old grotesque woodcuts. Well does the writer remember poring over the old volume—his had a brown cover—until the book fell to pieces. Memorable again was the occasion on which he received his first school prize in the form of a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* with glorious full-page coloured pictures sandwiched between every page of text. That, too, passed with the years, which it brightened, but the memories left by these two books are ineffaceable. We have reproduced in Stevenson's article a number of the Bagster woodcuts, and also several of the Rhead pictures, thus presenting side by side the earliest and the latest conceptions of the Pilgrim in art.

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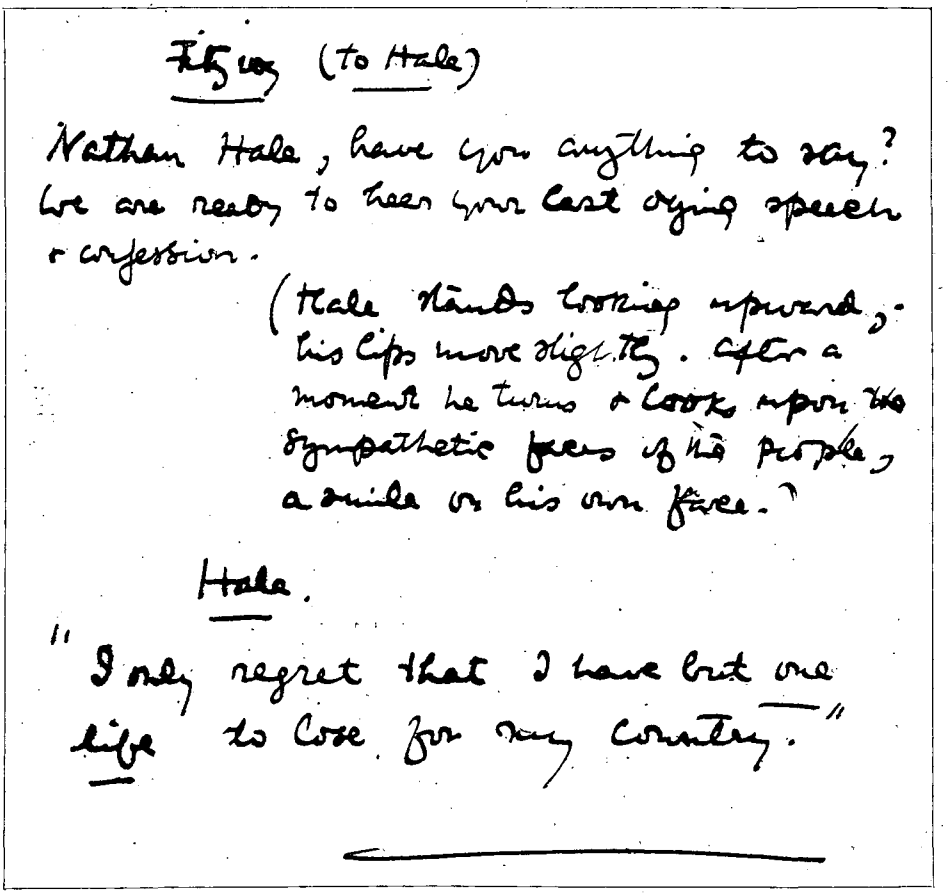
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Nathan Hale is the latest acted play by an author who, although now but thirty-three, has a career behind as well as before him, having already succeeded practically with *Beau Brummel*, *Frederick Lemaître* and *The Moth and the Flame*, and produced many other dramas with varying fortunes. That no other American playwright within ten years of Mr. Fitch's age has done anything comparable, makes this play, which in some ways shows an advance from all of his others, an interesting centre for a glance at the state of the American drama, and gives an excuse for talking about it, to the exclusion of other plays which, however superior in various ways, are of less immediate local significance. As Mr. Fitch has just finished Nat Goodwin's comedy for next season, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and is in the middle of *Barbara Frietchie*, with which Charles Frohman expects to fill most of Julia Marlowe's time another season, more proof is given, if more were needed, that the principal managers have no objection to American authors and national subjects. William Gillette does not have to keep his dramas in a trunk. Neither, in different fields, do David Belasco and Charles H. Hoyt. What the managers seek to avoid is risk, and while one way of accomplishing this is to buy plays already tested abroad, another is to employ dramatists already accepted at home. There is no ground for a charge of anti-


Fitch (to Hale)

Nathan Hale, have you anything to say? We are ready to hear your last dying speech & confession.

(Hale stands looking upward, his lips move slightly. After a moment he turns & looks upon the sympathetic faces of the people, a smile on his own face.)

Hale.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

MR. FITCH'S AUTOGRAPH OF THE LAST LINES OF "NATHAN HALE."

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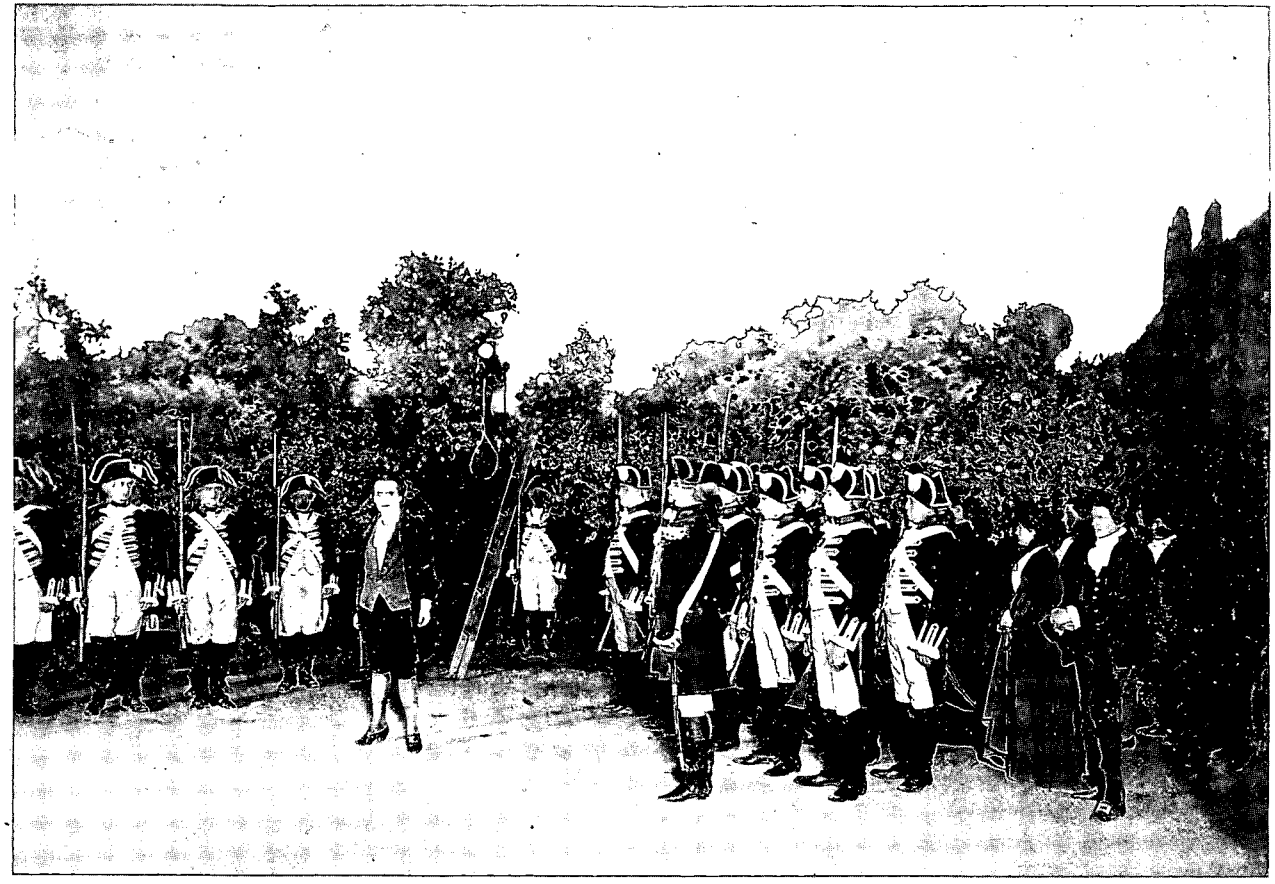

"I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY."

Last scene of "Nathan Hale," by Clyde Fitch.

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Americanism, whatever the managers' sins may be in lack of art and of taste.

Mr. Bronson Howard has called a meeting of several playwrights, to discuss the advisability of establishing a theatre exclusively devoted to plays by American dramatists, to be directed by the men who held the meeting. A pecuniary backer is ready, and a theatre can be procured. Is there in this undertaking any promise of improving our drama? If there is to be an endowed theatre, is it well to put it in the hands of men who have plays to produce? Human nature ought not to be subjected to so heavy a strain. The manager or the committee of control should have no interest not artistic. Would a committee with its pockets full of its own plays revive for us the best preceding American dramas, have an anxious eye for the best new ones by persons outside the committee, and a strict standard for its own members? Would it, to go further, maintain an adequately trained stock company, which might be varied by visiting stars, who should fit into it as Agnes Sorma does into the Irving Place? If so, *Silas Lapham*, which is being dramatised for Mr. Herne, might be given there. Henry James might be given a better chance than he has yet had. Mr. Herne might occasionally give *Margaret Fleming*, Annie Russell *Sue*, Julia Arthur *Mercedes*, the stock company might give us something else by the author of *Pud'nhead Wilson* and *The Prince and the Pauper*, and revive these plays. These are but instances to point the general truth that if a theatre for American plays is to do good and not harm, it must not be run for the weak but for the strong. It must not put on plays which are too bad for the public, but those which are good enough for permanence. It must have a high standard, a strong, permanent repertory, highly trained actors, and select the additions to its repertory from the whole range of American letters. Although the millionaire who will make that possible will be a benefactor, the present scheme looks awry, and the fate of the Theatre of Arts and Letters should teach us that a false start is worse than none.

THE AUTHOR OF "NATHAN HALE."
From a photograph by Sarony.

Of the small number of American plays thus far written which would, after certain simple changes, deserve to be produced, and produced often, *Nathan Hale* is one. Its theme is one of the most simple and dramatic in American history, and if the drama were all raised to the level of its strongest parts, it would be likely to see long life. It is the best plot Clyde Fitch has yet used—for good plots are usually selected, adapted, and not wholly invented. The dramatist ought to take absolutely everything he can get from the work the world is doing for him. In *Nathan Hale* Mr. Fitch has fitted a love story to the historical theme, and thus secured some

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of the conflicts necessary for a drama. Hale is seen first as a young graduate, teaching school in New London, taking existence lightly, making love to his pupil, Alice Adams. The gathering signs of war break up the life, and the second act sees him a captain in the patriot ranks. Alice, who is too weak throughout, extracts a promise, carelessly given, that he will not lead any forlorn hope or needlessly imperil his life. Then a meeting of officers is seen. Washington has asked for a volunteer from among the most trusted officers, to undertake a perilous mission essential to the safety of the army. Nobody volunteers, because a spy's work is despised. The appeal is made more eloquent, and Hale steps forward. The others try to dissuade him. He replies that any work necessary to the cause thereby becomes honourable. Alice Adams, by an unfortunate theatrical convention, overhears the result instead of learning of it otherwise, and pleads with Nathan to remember his promise. He tells her it must be broken.

Within the enemies' lines he learns their plans, but is suspected by an officer who has seen him in the Connecticut school. As this Tory loved Alice, he plots to accomplish two ends by bringing her to confront the spy, proving Hale's identity by their recognition, and securing her for himself. Hale manages to have her warned, and there is no recognition. As she knows he is a spy, this warning is needless, and the drama would be simpler and stronger without it. His love is too much for him, however, and when he thinks they are alone he embraces her, and his life is lost. In the present acting version the final catastrophe is brought on by a servant, needlessly involving the plot, introducing accident, and taking away the touching element of Hale's destruction through his own love. In a futile dash for liberty, he drops his papers by the way in the hope that they may reach the American lines in time to warn Washington of a contemplated attack which would probably destroy him.

The last act shows a guard-tent scene. Hale's anxiety to know whether his death at sunrise is to be in vain, his struggle for composure, and his final parting from his love. The next scene is a picture of an orchard at sunrise, the noose hanging from a bough, the soldiers and onlookers gathering, Hale taking his place beneath the rope.

"Nathan Hale, have you anything to say? We are ready to hear your last dying speech and confession."

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

That is the final curtain. Surely no more dramatic story could be asked, and in the handling of the crucial situations, Mr. Fitch shows a dramatic instinct which makes it the better worth while to point out what seem to be the faults, especially where these faults are of the insidious kind that win popular approval. The comedy, instead of running through the play, occupies all of the first act and a half, which might

NAT GOODWIN AS NATHAN HALE.
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

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be right enough were it the proper kind of comedy, although it would be better to devote this act to the development of some larger obstacle to Hale's sacrifice than is offered by the weakness of a woman in the next act. Even leaving aside this consideration, and also taking the comedy separated from the farcical acting, it lacks the delicacy and subtlety which it should have to harmonise with the serious situations. To give the atmosphere of the time and place and form a contrast to the succeeding scenes, it should be humorous, but so exquisite as to be almost touching through the very fineness of its workmanship. Instead of that it is usually commonplace, often turned into ordinary farce by the actors. Whether the author has the power to paint his lights with as much delicacy as his darks, may be a difficult question; but even with the comedy as faulty and scattered as it is, it could be improved indefinitely by being acted prettily instead of rowdily. This objection has been met with the answer that Shakespeare mingled low comedy with his most delicate sentiment. Although argument based on the feats of the greatest geniuses is dangerous, and each play must be judged by itself, it may safely be said that when the serious side is painted in bold colours, big passions ennobled by exalted expression, it can stand the contrast of broad comedy better than when the serious side is held down to neutral tints, every word and act being subdued and dependent for its effect not on expansion, power and beauty, but on reserve and mere suggestion. There is no high style in this play, no glory of language, and most of its strongest situations are worked out almost in silence, which makes decidedly a difference in the amount of contrast it can stand. When all is said, however, it is the best American drama produced in some time, and it encourages higher aims.

The same principles run through the acting. Nat Goodwin was delightful in fluency of facial expression, in gradation and taste, but the others were given to common exaggeration. As Mr. Goodwin is at an important point in his own career, having fully proved his ability as a serious actor, he ought to have a company which could help him along the new road. Another play with a political significance (rather auxiliary than integral, however), *Das Erbe* at the Irving Place theatre, contrasted strikingly in the acting, which, never great, was not at any single point weak. One need never tire of recommending our English actors to study the methods at this playhouse. Our managers, also, who think long runs are a necessity, caused by modern scenic requirements, may reflect on the fact that *Das Erbe*, well set, well acted, and accepted with some favour by the audience, was announced to run but a few days, to give place to a new comedy and *Wilnelm Tell*. If Mr. Conried establishes a house, as he intends, on upper Broadway, his example, reaching more American theatregoers, ought to do much to create a demand for corresponding companies and repertories in English.

This necessity of scenic elaboration, freely used as an excuse for long runs without change of bill, is really an almost insurmountable obstacle in travelling companies, for the theatres throughout the country, which once kept several dozen complete changes of scenery, now have one or two in storage, forced to this practice by the stars who wish to have the whole theatre free for their own elaborate settings. As Julia Arthur's scenery for the few plays she produced this year required seven cars, each paying twenty-five cents a mile, it will readily be guessed what a blow to variety and elevation in an actor's repertory is given by this exaggerated reliance on setting. The only probable escape is through a few good stock companies in the big cities with such permanence in plays that every scene will not be useless after the first run.

The one English-speaking stock company in New York, which is now really a star company, reached far above its recent average in Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Miss Rehan was not a washerwoman in many essentials, but the skilfully constructed comedy, depending on situations rather than character, lost less than other forms of art by lapses from reality in the representation, and gained more by the virtuosity of the actress. Being a quickly working mechanism, like most of Sardou, it also fitted into the nervous Daly methods far bet-

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ter than would a work of more repose and tone. These facts, with an unusually fit casting of the parts and less than the average exuberance in the actors, made the revival one of the pleasantest events of the dramatic season.

Greatest of all the plays of the month, however, by far, was *Pygmalion and Galatea*, in celebrating the beauty and humour of which I might waste pages in the futile effort to express the feelings aroused by such a wholly masterly work of art. If Gilbert does not deserve to stand with Sheridan, what English dramatist since Sheridan is to be in permanent fame his rival? When that rich man of whom we dream establishes his ideal theatre, if he is not too patriotic to allow foreign plays, surely not only *Pygmalion and Galatea*, one of the very finest comedies in the language, but many of Gilbert's, from poetry to farce, will again delight us. Julia Arthur gave an attractive Galatea on untraditional but intelligent lines, making one of the faculties, with which the statue was so suddenly gifted, a playful sense of incongruity, subdued enough in expression not to clash with the almost constant mock-solemnity of Gilbert's humour.

If we rejoice that no prejudice in favour of native art closes the door to such a masterpiece as *Pygmalion and Galatea*, we might excusably sigh for a protective tariff against two other British importations. *The Sorrows of Satan* was a hodge-podge of absurdity and power, a perverted genius flashing occasionally in a heap of commonplace, and *Phroso* has started on the career of apparent prosperity which even a third-class melodrama may attain at the Empire. On the first night just one strong sentence struck me out of a gloomy daze. Afterward I learned that it was interpolated from Bret Harte's *Sue*.

As this paper is intended to deal mainly with an American play, because it points in a right direction, little need be said about the contribution made to our happiness by an adaptation from the French called *Zaza*. Were it not a popular furor, there would be no need of mentioning it at all. It is well manufactured on familiar lines; the first act presents one of the greatest triumphs of stage-management yet seen, and Mrs. Leslie Carter is a vigorous person, with undoubted vitality, trained into theatrical effectiveness, but into no sort of distinction or fineness, by David Belasco. Her acting is not one of those works of art in which a soul can be discerned.

Norman Hapgood.

GOLDENRODS

A hillside flaming with golden fires,
Torches that wave when the wind is still,
A splendour of spears with fretted spires—
The goldenrods holding the slope of the hill.

A gruesome whisper of withered stalks,
Spectral and dim in the moon's pale ray,
A rustle of leaves in the lonely walks,
And the ghosts of the goldenrods stoled in grey.

Benjamin F. Leggett.

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A VIRGINIA BELLE.

From "Miss America." Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MOST POPULAR ILLUSTRATED BOOKS OF THE SEASON

1. The Little Minister, by J. M. Barrie. Maude Adams edition. Illustrated from photographs and wash drawings by C. Allan Gilbert. R. H. Russell. $2.50.
2. Ave Roma Immortalis, by F. Marion Crawford. Illustrations in photogravure. The Macmillan Company. $6.00 net.
   In the Forest of Arden, by Hamilton W. Mabie. Illustrations in photogravure by Will H. Low. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00.
3. The Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen. Illustrations in photogravure and drawings by Orson Lowell. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.
4. The Beginnings of New England, by John Fiske. Illustrated with fac-similes, maps and old documents. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $4.00.
5. Miss America, by Alexander Black. Illustrated from photographs by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
   The Lost Word, by Henry van Dyke. Illustrations in photogravure by Corwin Knapp Linson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
6. The Fair God, by Lew Wallace. Illustrations in photogravure and drawings by Eric Pape. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $7.00.

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"I'LL GI'E YOU MY RABBIT," MICAH SAID, "IF YOU'LL GANG AWA'."

From the Maude Adams Edition of "The Little Minister."
Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell.

In our December number we asked our readers to send us a list of their six favourites among the illustrated holiday books of the season. The result was so unsatisfactory and disappointing that in order to get nearer to the pulse of the patrons of the holiday book trade, we requested the leading booksellers in the principal towns throughout the United States to send us a list of the six best selling books among the illustrated holiday editions. The booksellers have responded with alacrity, and we wish to thank them for their courtesy in supply-

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"THE LOW MUSIC FLICKERED WITH THE SHADOWS."

From "The Choir Invisible."
Copyright, 1898, by the Macmillan Company.

ing the lists as requested. The result of this plebiscite is now given in this article.

If Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's new book of drawings, entitled *Sketches and Cartoons*, published by Mr. R. H. Russell, could be legitimately classed among the illustrated holiday editions of new and old books issued during the year, it would occupy the first place on the above list. Mr. Gibson's work seems to be far and away the most popular of its own class, and there were few votes for the various books of drawings by other well-known artists. Mr. Gibson's book, however, does not come under the category of illustrated holiday books, but the leading place which this artist still holds in public favour is worthy of mention in connection with the subject of American illustration. One of Mr. Gibson's drawings for *Sketches and Cartoons* is reproduced on another page in Mr. Hoeber's article on "A Century of American Illustration."

It will be seen that Mr. Marion Crawford's *Ave Roma Immortalis*, and Mr. Mabie's *In the Forest of Arden*, have been equally popular, having received the same number of votes. This result also accounts for the bracketing of Mr. Alexander Black's *Miss America*, and Dr. Henry van Dyke's *The Lost Word*, fifth on the list. Other books that came near to sharing the popularity of those on the above list were:

Where Ghosts Walk, by Marian Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated by the Brothers Rhead. The Century Company.

The Story of the Revolution, by Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Home Life in Colonial Days, by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Company.

Turrets, Towers and Temples, compiled and edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Little Minister, in the Maude Adams edition, naturally took first place, because of the widespread interest in Mr. Barrie's play. Nothing seems to revive or sustain interest in a novel so much nowadays as a dramatisation of the work, but Mr. Russell deserves especial credit for the artistic enterprise which he showed in preparing his popular edition of *The Little Minister* in a manner that was certain to capture the popular fancy. Speaking of the holiday books of the season in general, it seems to be the opinion of several of the booksellers in their appended notes to the lists sent in, that they fell far below the average of recent years, with the exception of the publications of Mr. R. H. Russell. One bookseller, who takes a pessimistic view of the situation, writes that "they are the poorest holiday books as a whole that have been published during the last ten years, and it has been difficult to make a selection

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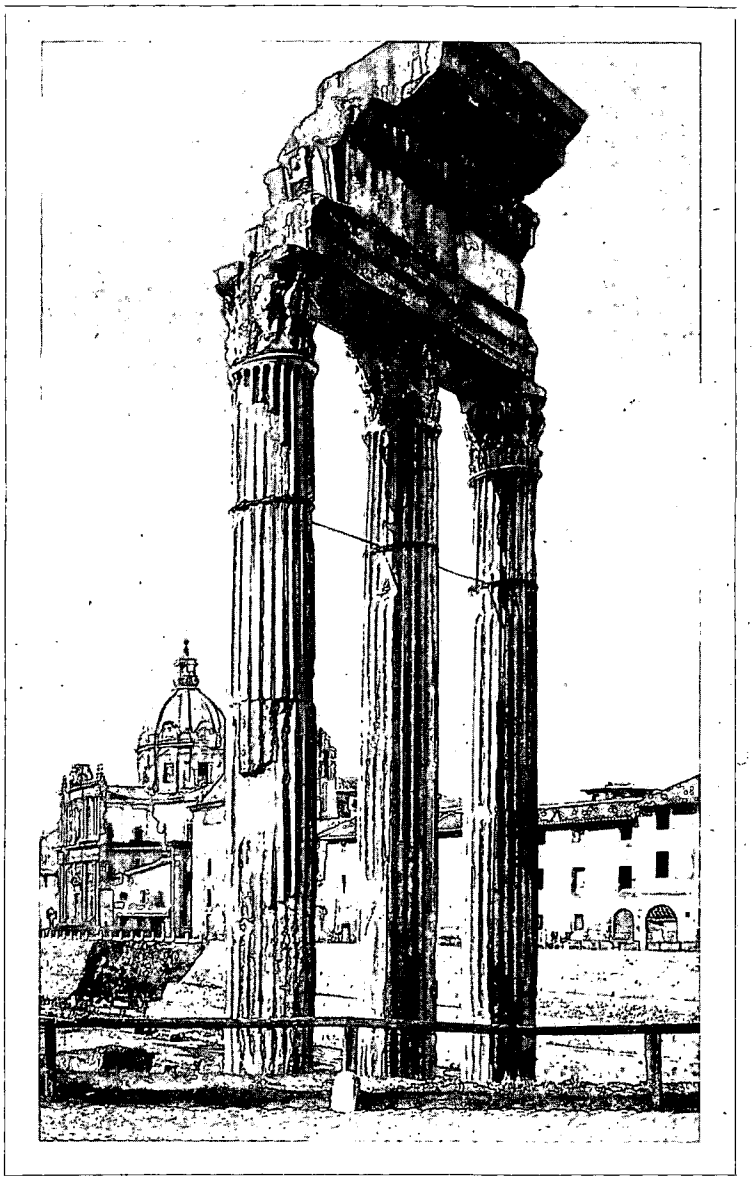

TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX.

From "Ave Roma Immortalis." Copyright, 1898, by the Macmillan Company.

from a lot of mediocre work." He adds that the two books which stand out as most popular and as meeting the bookseller's requirements, are the Maude Adams edition of *The Little Minister*, and the illustrated *Choir Invisible*.

From another bookseller we have a complaint that the holiday books were so poor and unsatisfying to his customers' tastes this year, that there was a general tendency to fall back on the standard works of authors, either in new or illustrated editions. While we do not wish to depreciate the annual show of special holiday books, we do hail with delight any means that will incline people more to the reading of books that have been accepted as literature; such a tendency can only be viewed as most healthy and productive of the best results.

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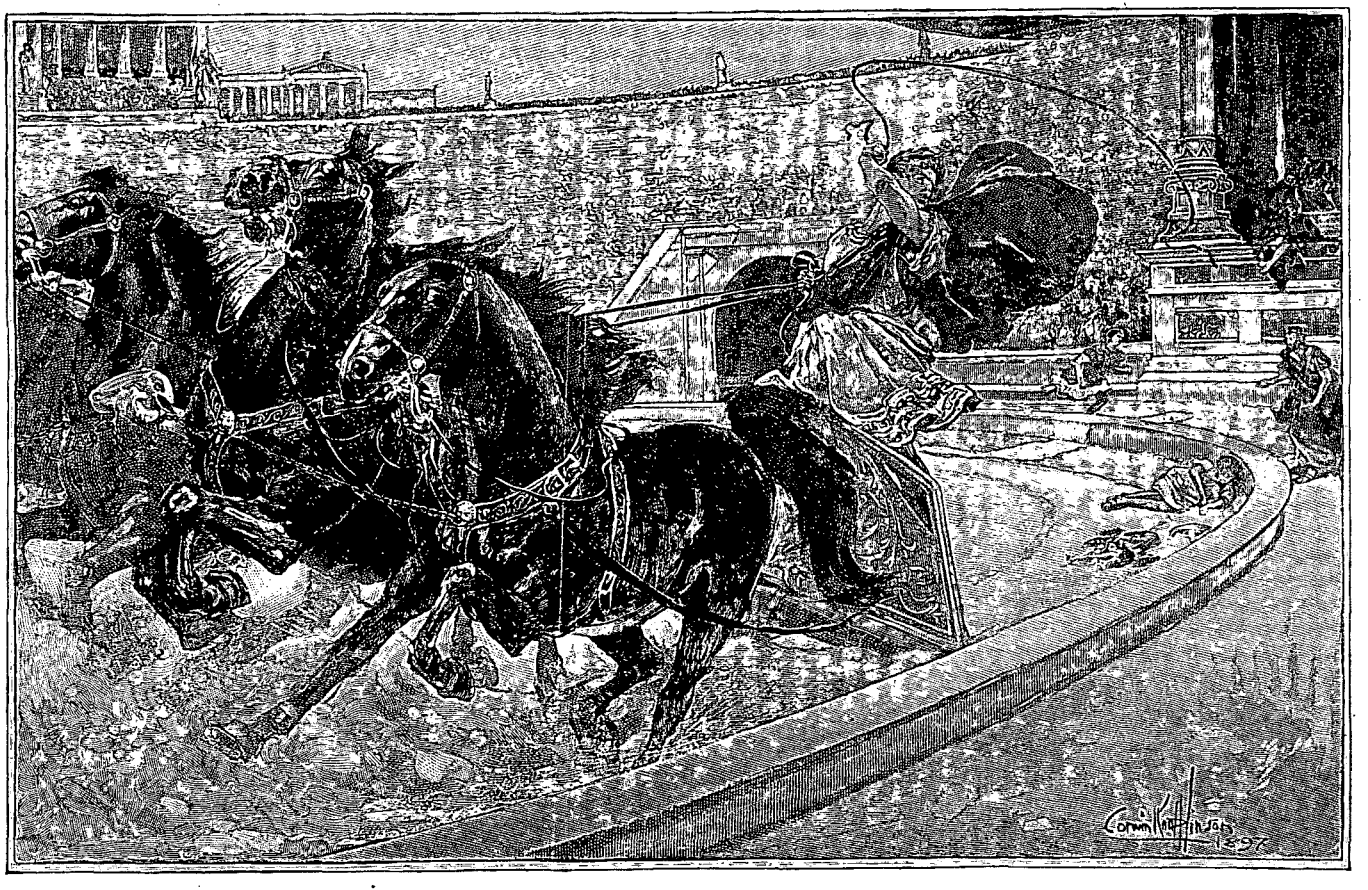

"BUT THE BOY'S HEAD STRUCK HEAVILY AGAINST THE WALL, AND HE LAY UNCONSCIOUS."

From "The Lost Word." Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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A CLANG OF SANDALED FEET.

From "The Fair God." Copyright, 1898, by Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Through the courtesy of the publishers we give a reproduction of an illustration from each of the books on the list, representative of the art lavished upon them—with two exceptions. One of Mr. Low's illustrations in Mr. Mabie's *In the Forest of Arden* was reproduced in our last issue, accompanying the third paper on "A Century of American Illustration," while the illustrations in Mr. Fiske's *Beginnings of New England*, consisting of fac-similies of old documents, maps, and other reproductions, are consequently of little interest artistically apart from the work itself. The illustrations are given in exact fac-simile.

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A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

VIII.—Draughtsmen of Social Happenings.

The appearance of the weekly publication, *Life*, nearly a score of years ago, opened up still another field for the illustrator which was quickly embraced, and through its pages many of the men now prominent made their bow to the public. The light character of the periodical, with its weekly satires on things social, political and general, seemed to develop a peculiar *clientèle* who demanded that all these topics be presented in an ephemeral sort of way, though with directness and pungency, and it was not long before the artists fitted themselves into the groove. In particular, the social follies of the times came under discussion, with accompanying pictures that spoke in no uncertain fashion; and though many of the contributors turned out crude results at the beginning, two or three actually developed such good style that in the end they may be said to have founded schools of their own which had important influence in the illustrative work of the day. The most notable of these men was undoubtedly Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, whose followers and imitators, numbering many, are in evidence to-day in most of the publications throughout the country. But Mr. Gibson's beginnings were modest enough, for his preliminary study had been scant. The first drawings were sadly deficient in proportion and construction, while the compositions, though never without interest, were lacking in the completeness that has come with the years of experience and practice.

What Mr. Gibson lacked in training and in the academic, however, he made

UNDER THE LINDENS.

From "Sketches and Cartoons," by C. D. Gibson. Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell.

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IN VIENNA.

WIFE OF AMERICAN MINISTER: Dear me, Mr. Penrose, who is that beautiful Russian in the shockingly decolleté gown?

MR. PENROSE: I think that must be one of the Orloffs.

From "Vanity Fair," by A. B. Wenzell. By permission of Mr. Robert Howard Russell.
Copyright by Mitchell and Miller.

up for in feeling, originality and a certain distinction entirely individual. It took no expert to discover an absence of the commonplace in his work, or to prophesy a future for the young man. The improvement was rapid though normal, for his endowments were supplemented with hard, serious work, both with his drawings in *Life*, and for the purposes of study in his studio. Mr. Gibson in his work assimilated much from other men, but having digested it carefully, he sent it out again through his own artistic temperament, and in the

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end it became purely original, until he is now quite unrivalled. In his dexterity with pen and ink, a medium to which he has practically confined himself, he is astonishingly clever. Trips abroad have given him new material, though his types differ little and his foreign women in particular are but slight variations of the New York girl, whose charms and attractiveness find in him so excellent an historian. Besides his work for *Life*, Mr. Gibson has illustrated many books, some of them large presentation volumes, and he has been one of the most popular of the magazine men, figuring at times in several publications in the same month. He has paid the penalty of his preferment in a measure, for the late demands on him have not permitted him to give always to his drawings the care required for a man's best work, nor have these numerous commissions allowed him much leisure for serious investigation, and the result has been more or less repetition of time-worn subjects and types; but at his best he has done much that will remain a testimony to his unquestionable skill and artistic inventiveness, his remarkable technique, and his dainty conception of American womanhood.

Among the men on *Life*, we find the name of Mr. Charles Howard Johnson, an artist who was brimful of ideas, but who lacked the necessary academic training to express himself with artistic correctness. Nevertheless he presented with extraordinary cleverness a plausible result that went far to mitigate his shortcomings in other directions. A depicter of the fashionable follies of American society, Mr. A. B. Wenzell has shown himself full of resources, facile with pen or brush, and his work, alluring to the student as well as engaging to the average reader, has found many imitators. The modern girl, fetching, *chic*, and attractive of face and figure, he has caught with dexterous fidelity, and rendered in a delightful, *intime* manner. Wilson de Meza was another clever draughtsman who excelled in his satires on American social fads. His untimely death in April, 1893, cut short a most promising career. Mr. J. A. Mitchell and Mr. F. A. Atwood, each clever in his way, have been regular contributors to *Life*, and Oliver Herford, with his quaint conceits, and a constant flow of humour, has made many illustrations, attacking different themes with results invariably amusing. There are, of course, many more men who have done excellent work on this publication, including Alfred Brenan, dexterous with a peculiarly fine pen-and-ink line, but these are among the representative ones whose drawings mark certain departures from the ordinary, and entitle them to special notice.

It is perhaps appropriate to refer here to William Hamilton Gibson, an illustrator who achieved a success more popular than artistic, but which at the time of his prominence was an advance on the work then being done. He had an intense love of nature and a familiarity with life out of doors, in the fields, woods, and garden, and his pictures were drawn with loving care, no less than with nice appreciation of the delicacy of vegetable and floral growth. His work first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, though later it found its way into innumerable books, including some written by the artist himself, who was no less clever with his pen than with his pencil. The bee, the ant, the beetle and the butterfly, busying themselves about flowers and grasses, or investigating the inequalities of the ground, were depicted in an intimate way, and the commonest kind of weeds were brought forward and carefully illustrated, their decorative qualities asserting themselves where hitherto they had been passed by as unworthy a second glance. In his landscapes Mr. Gibson was possibly less happy, for they lacked the distinction and uniqueness of the other work; but he had much to say, and said it in a charming, delicate manner. It is, perhaps, not too much to assert that the many score of drawings of Nature's more modest offerings were a revelation to the multitude of readers who had hitherto found in the primrose by the river's brim only a common yellow flower.

IX.—The Poster Man.

In the late eighties there found its way across the ocean some curious illustrative work by a young Englishman, named Aubrey Beardsley, hitherto unknown, but who immediately created a sensation because of the novelty, the

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daring and almost insolence, not only of his designs, but of his technique as well. Nothing could have been more unconventional than his drawings, the compositions of which violated all preconceived notions on pictorial arrangement. To the public, they were an artistic jest, a gage flung down as though to give a *defi* and challenge discussion. To the artists, however, they were far from being meaningless, and the departure both interested and amazed them. With remarkable appreciation of the possibilities of violent blacks, with suggestion rather than completion, and with sinuous lines, against all laws of proportion and construction, there were, nevertheless, remarkable effects, a beautiful sense of decoration, and a novelty entirely alluring.

He found imitators and followers, for his influence was at once felt. Prior to his advent, however, there had been Frenchmen who had given themselves over to new interpretations in a poster way. Chéret, Grasset, Lautrec, Monvel, and the Swiss Steinlen, had all an individual manner of expression, though none was quite so bizarre as Beardsley, and it was to him that a number of our men and women turned as a prophet. Louis J. Rhead was one of the first to give himself up to this new inspiration, although he retained much of his own personality. Will H. Bradley sent out posters and pictorial work that were frankly the result of Beardsley's influence, and Edward Penfield signed many drawings that were unmistakable in the source of their inspiration. But Mr. Penfield retained his individuality more than all the rest, and developed a style almost entirely his own. It took its form in drawings made up of strong, accentuated black lines, wherein each stroke had its distinct meaning and counted for much. To these lines he added simple flat tones that made the whole effective, when seen at a distance, and which in truth were part of the scheme of the poster or hanger, generally destined to be looked at from afar, as it hung in window or shop. The first of these Penfield posters was rather the result of accident than otherwise, and was occasioned by the needs of the moment. For a publication house with which the artist was connected, there came a hurry order for an announcement card, and there was no time to have it done by the lithographer; the printing presses had to be relied upon to make the colour work, and flat, simple tones under these conditions were a necessity. The hanger was so effective that it was adhered to, and there resulted a series of such work that took the public fancy, attracted the artists, and finally became a recognised means of poster announcement and other illustrative work.

ETHEL REED'S FIRST POSTER.

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PORTRAIT OF MR. PENFIELD, BY HIMSELF.

By permission of Mr. Robert Howard Russell.

The notion spread all over the country, and, besides being utilised for book covers, became a part of the announcement equipment of many of the prominent newspapers, of the publishing houses, and going into the various trades, was exploited by the merchants of proprietary articles, bicycle houses, and indeed all sorts and conditions of vendors. No dead wall but had its side covered with artistic recommendations of stoves, soaps, pills and cereals, and the artists who were available for this work were in great demand. The list of those who thus gave themselves over, some occasionally, others almost entirely, to such decorative advertising schemes, includes Maxfield Parrish, Kenyon Cox, George Wharton Edwards, Will Carqueville, E. B. Bird, Charles H. Woodbury, Berkley Smith, J. J. Gould, Jr., and others, with a clever woman, Ethel Reed, who entered fully into the spirit of it all. The work had an effect on the regular illustrative designs as well. Compositions were formulated on these suggestive notions; the technique found its way into the drawing of the men who had hitherto been content to work on more or less conventional lines, and generally the influence was far-reaching. However, it has in a measure spent its force; the good has been accepted, the bad eliminated, and the artists have returned to a more normal condition of things, to await the next fad that may take their attention.

X.—Process Work and the Engraver.

As has been said, the first introduction of the photograph as a means to assist the engraver took place about the year 1876, when the drawing was transferred by the camera to the block, thereby enabling the woodcutter to refer to the original, whereas before, as he engraved his lines, the drawing gradually disappeared and the *ensemble* was lost shortly after he had begun. Under these new conditions he was materially helped and he welcomed the innovation. But it was, unfortunately, only the beginning of the end, so far as his art was concerned, and although unsuspected at the time, it was designed to supersede handwork almost, if not entirely. Discovering possibilities in the methods, clever men set their wits to work still further to utilise this medium, and presently there resulted the half-tone process, the photogravure and other means, whereby the reproduction of the painting, the drawing and the photograph was made a

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"AND THEN THEY RODE TO THE DIVIDED WAY, THEN KISSED AND PARTED WEEPING."

By Louis Rhead, from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

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"THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM
WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL."

By Maxfield Parrish, from "Mother Goose in Prose." Copyright, 1897, by Way and Williams.

mechanical performance. It was, however, some time before it was possible to satisfactorily print the plates thus made and many were the discouragements; but these difficulties were gradually overcome, and the system was improved from year to year.

To give a general idea of process work, it may be stated that a collodion photograph is made—if the subject is a line drawing—which gives clear, white lines on a black ground; a polished piece of metal—zinc for the cheaper work, copper for the better class—is coated with a sensitive solution, either of bitumen chemically dissolved, or albumen made sensitive. When dry, the plate is exposed to light beneath the collodion negative and afterwards treated with a solvent. The plate then receives an acid bath which eats away the exposed lines and leaves the picture in a printable shape. Thus, roughly explained, it will be seen that there were almost unlimited possibilities in the process and these were immediately seized upon, exploited and gradually perfected, until we have the plate to-day with which nearly all the publications are illustrated. For some purposes the result is better than anything the engraver ever produced, and of course the greatest virtue in the eyes of the publisher is the economy. It immediately made possible the pro-

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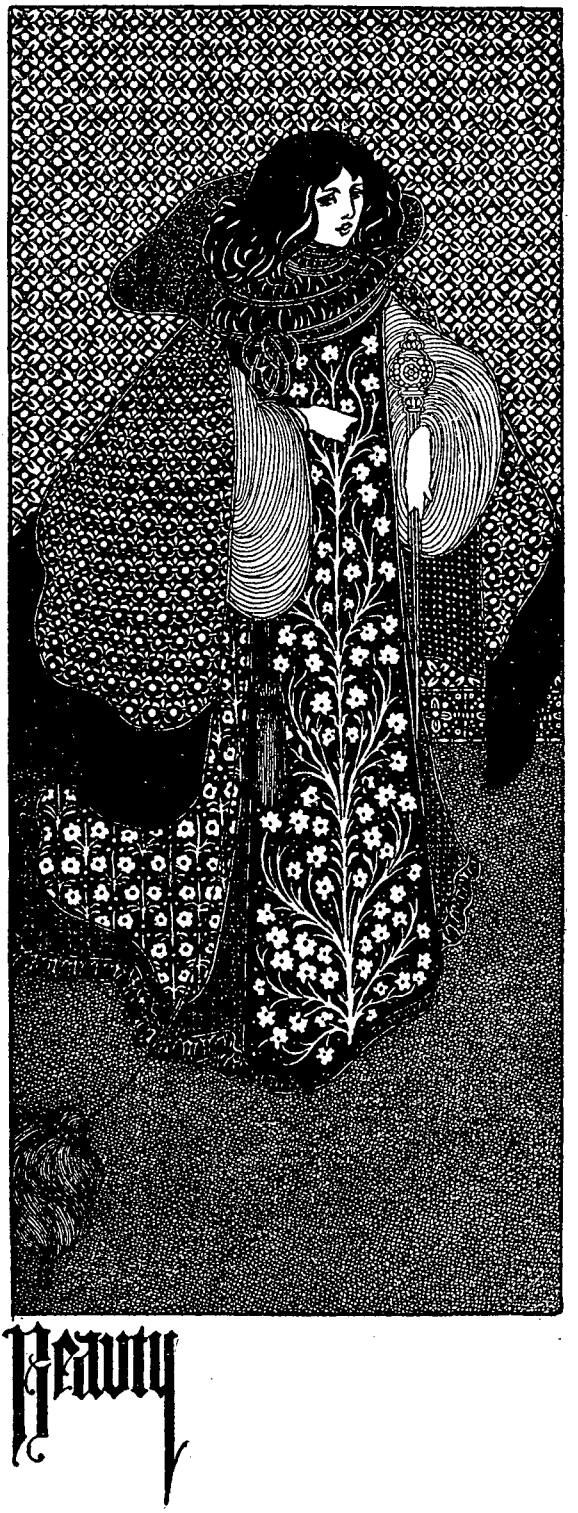

From "Bradley: His Book," August, 1896. Copyright, 1896, by Will H. Bradley.

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fusely illustrated magazine or newspaper with which the land is flooded to-day.

Instantly, however, the effect was felt by the engraver. For the better class of work it was still necessary that the engraver should re-touch many of these plates—a little softening or refining here, a strengthening there, and a general going over the pictures, which, under the skilled touch of the trained man, greatly improved them. It is obvious, however, that for such services only slight remuneration could be paid, and with the improvements day by day, one might almost say there was less and less need for the engraver, for the alterations or additions could be attended to, for all practical purposes, by men of ordinary equipment. Those who had found an exceedingly comfortable livelihood in the exercise of the engraver's profession, were now put to it to make both ends meet, and it became a serious question as to what they should do. The gain to the publisher in economy and the consequent increase of pictorial work offered to the general reader was, and must be, at the expense of the artistic quality; for while the half-tone has many advantages and is in some respects a more satisfactory medium for the reproduction of pictures, portraits, landscapes and instantaneous photographs of daily happenings, making much possible that was hitherto impracticable, still, with the decline of wood engraving, and of course with no incentive for new men to take hold, we can scarcely hope to find successors to the men who have made the art respected and admired, and art will be the loser. The charm of the individual rendering and the personal interpretation have an attractiveness peculiarly their own, which no other medium of expression quite possesses. We have greater accuracy at times possibly, but it is at the expense of the personal touch, the artistic feeling, the humanity of it, as the mind differs from the machine. For the brain working through the hand has the ineffable charm of an individuality that no mechanical art process may ever hope to secure.

Arthur Hoeber.

Copyright, 1879, by The Century Co.

Drawn by Robert Blum, for "Scribner's Magazine," December, 1879.

(The End.)

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THE LITTLE TOUCHES

To possess the gift of nice discrimination is to attain to a position among the small, select, but very influential number of those who are intellectually enlightened. The vast majority of human beings, when they draw distinctions, draw them wholly in the rough, as though they were sorting potatoes into piles. They have a few general categories in which they class all their experiences and observations of life, and to which they refer what they regard as their opinions. A thing is good or it is bad; it is expedient or it is inexpedient; it is praiseworthy or it is censurable; it is perfect or it is imperfect; it is beautiful or it is not. They never have any difficulty in deciding just what they ought to think about anything whatever, and they are always quite satisfied with their own judgments. The subtle shades of difference that arise from the differences of time and place and circumstance, the half-tints, the elusive variations, the "values"—these things seldom reach their consciousness, or if they do, it is only in a vague, unreal way, which at the most does nothing more than puzzle and bewilder.

The art, then, which appeals to the majority of men must be a very simple art, or they will never know it to be art at all. Indeed, the occultation of art and even its occasional suppression are often almost necessary if one desires to be intelligible to the mass of men. As they draw their own distinctions very broadly by intellectual rule-of-thumb, so will they expect that others shall so draw them lest the real meaning should be doubtful. To the necessity of considering this craving for the obvious, the drama, for example, owes so many of its absurd conventional traditions. As the ancient actors had a certain kind of mask which denoted that the wearer of it was supposed to be a slave, and another kind of mask to mark the character as a parasite, and another for the festive youth, and another for the virtuous parent, so in the popular drama of these later times, the villain, if he be a villain of the lower orders, must be more or less repellent in appearance, and if he be of a superior position—a wicked baronet, for instance, or an evil-minded count—he must at times frown darkly and show his gleaming teeth from underneath a black moustache, and hiss his words out like a serpent. If he did not, he would not meet the general public's notion of what a villain ought to be, and it would be felt with some uneasiness that his villainy was not so villainous as complete dramatic perspicuity demands. In a lesser way this same rule guides the whole art of acting as it has been popularly understood. Persons in real life, even when they are very seriously stirred in their emotions, do not usually wring their hands and lift them up toward heaven and then rush off with sobs and shrieks. If they are women they may cry a little, and if they are men they will look very glum or very earnest or very angry, but they do not transform themselves into semi-maniacs. Yet on the stage they must do just this very thing, or else the intelligent public will not understand the episode nor believe that the characters are really moved at all. Therefore, the multitude at large will admire a Forrest or a Lucille Western, but will look askance upon the perfect art of Duse—the art which mimics nature with supreme success. Exaggeration everywhere is necessary, because the unenlightened mind wants its distinctions ready drawn for it and labelled in large letters.

The same thing also is quite true in literature. The moral of a story must be always written down, and the characters must be so drawn that they can instantly be classified in one of the accepted categories. If they are not, if they are drawn with the complexity of motive and of action which distinguishes both men and women in real life, and if their motives and their actions are delicately suggested rather than displayed in a crude, circus-poster, scare-head sort of way, then their significance entirely eludes the unenlightened reader. He wishes Pecksniff to be always canting, he wants Uriah Heep to be continually talking of his 'umbleness, and Harold Skimpole to be smiling a perpetual optimistic smile. Then he will understand these characters. He will be comfortably certain that Pecksniff is a hypocrite, and

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Uriah Heep a sneak, and Harold Skimpole an unpractical, unworldly person. The necessary exaggeration has been introduced, the label has been conspicuously applied, and the reader feels sure that in the act of reading he is making no mistakes. Give him, however, two such characters even as Blanche Amory and Becky Sharp, and while he will recognise them both as being reprehensible, yet he will be often puzzled because they are not at all times evil, nor will he have the slightest understanding of the subtle art that differentiates them. A character like George Moore's Mildred Lawson or John Norton they will never understand at all, and will think it simply rather commonplace and tiresome. They will talk in a superior way of Henry James as "too much spun out," and they will criticise the very best of all his work for "not coming to a regular end, you know." They will miss the exquisite psychology in Maupassant and call him simply "an immoral Frenchman," and they will think of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine as being very able because you always know exactly what they mean. They will find Matthew Arnold prosy and pedantic, with an obvious unsoundness in his theological opinions. They will prefer Longfellow to any other poet, and they will sometimes read Will Carleton and George H. Boker. In painting they will find Turner unintelligible and will dismiss Burne-Jones as "queer." In music they will most enjoy Sir Arthur Sullivan.

I am speaking now of "educated" persons, of persons who have had the usual academic training and who do not commit any very flagrant solecisms either in their social life or in their speech. Indeed, they usually give much serious thought to both their manners and their language, watching carefully the latest things in usage and hastening to master and to explain them. It is not knowledge, in the ordinary sense, of which they show a lack, and it is not because of any purely intellectual defect that they are never for an instant to be classed with the Enlightened. The fundamental bar to their enlightenment lies in the absence of that curious sixth sense which renders the perpetual thought of self unnecessary, and that sublimated taste which makes of its possessors a very special caste who may be recognised at once, not by their observance or their disregard of social rules and educational canons, but by the little touches that make both speech and manners perfect, and that impart the exquisite and final finish. The unenlightened person may have all the training in the world, yet he will never quite discriminate to the vanishing point; there will be something in his intercourse with others that will surely strike the chords of dissonance, and that will grate and jar, if only in the subtlest way.

The enlightened person may be soonest recognised in what he says and writes; for it is in language that the little touches are most truly omnipresent. In a positive way these cannot be defined. They are perceptible most of all in a perfect harmony between word and phrase and the occasion when the word and phrase are uttered. The nice tact, the instinctive adaption of means to end, the delicate understanding of just how far one may go in any given direction, the mental modulations, so to speak, the shadings, the tintings, the half-lights, the recognition of eternal fitness—these are nowhere so immediately felt as when men and women begin to frame their thoughts in language; and they depend not at all upon recorded rule and precept, nor upon anything that can be taught and learned, but they spring out of that finer taste, which may indeed be cultivated and still more refined, yet which is itself the fairy birth-gift that ensures enlightenment to its possessor; for it goes with sanity and judgment, and it is both coloured by humour and directed by a sense of true proportion.

As rule and precept have nothing to do with the little touches, it is impossible to classify these and describe them in a satisfactory way. The most that can be done is to give some illustration of those usages which show their absence and which may, perhaps, explain them negatively; for there are certain things in language which an enlightened person will not do, and there are certain other things which instantly rank the one who perpetrates them with the Unenlightened—that is, with those who lack the little touches.

In the first place, there is nothing quite so vulgar as the perpetual dread of seeming to be vulgar. The enlight-

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ened person is not vulgar, simply because it is utterly impossible for him to be so. The unenlightened person dreads vulgarity, yet he lacks the nice discrimination which divides the easy and the natural from the wholly crude. To adapt one's language to the subject of one's discourse, to the occasion, and to the hearer, is the ultimate test of true refinement and of taste. In public oratory, for example, the speaker who cannot discriminate and feel the instinctive appropriateness or inappropriateness of a particular manner is one who is always in danger of mistaking bombast for inspired eloquence, and windy gabble for fluency and ease. He will talk to a bucolic audience about cattle-raising and farming in precisely the same vein as that in which he would urge a reluctant Senate to declare a war; and on some really stately and momentous occasion he will talk in commonplaces or descend to vulgar jocularity.

In private life, the unenlightened person is very apt to dread colloquialisms. He will wish to speak book-language in recounting the most casual incidents of life. He is always "perusing" a book instead of reading it; he always "retires" and never goes to bed; he "disrobes" and does not undress; he will promise to "correspond" but not to write; he will ask you to "desist" but not to stop. If he is extremely unenlightened he will say that he is "partial" to such and such a thing, and perhaps at table will offer to "assist" you to the cheese. This sort of person is almost as low as the one who takes pleasure in alluding to his "social position" and with whom men and women are always "ladies" and "gentlemen." The last two words are really shibboleths, and we may form a very accurate estimate of the degree of any one's enlightenment by the manner in which he uses them. The general distinction, stated broadly, will allow a freer use of "lady" than of "gentleman." One seldom needs to use the latter word, whereas the former is at times quite necessary in order to avoid a shade of ambiguity which might be more or less embarrassing. Thus, when a lady says that she was lunching with "a man," the assumption is always made that the person in question is a gentleman; whereas if a man says that he was lunching with "a woman," there is a dangerous little implication which would not exist did he use the word "lady" instead. The plural "women" is safer than the singular; but these are matters which the enlightened person will appreciate for himself, while the unenlightened will not understand even after everything has been explained.

Allied somewhat with a prim preference for the superficially elegant is that jocular use of "literary" language, which is common with certain people, especially with women, and most of all perhaps New England women, with whom literary allusion is something of a fad. It has been neatly caught by Henry James in his story, *A New England Winter*, where one of the characters, Pauline Mesh, speaks this sort of Bostonese:

> She was accustomed to express herself in humorous superlatives, in pictorial circumlocutions; and had acquired in Boston the rudiments of a social dialect which, to be heard in perfection, should be heard on the lips of a native. Mrs. Mesh had picked it up; but it must be confessed that she used it without originality. It was an accident that on this occasion she had not expressed her wish for her tea by saying that she should like a pint or two of that Chinese fluid.

And so Mrs. Mesh smilingly decribes a young friend of hers as "a false and faithless man," and beseeches him not to "sully this innocent bower with those fearful words." This sort of thing, in the end, tends to vulgarise language because it leads to the frequent use of fine and very expressive words in a trivial way —a result which is effected partly through conversation and very largely through newspaper writing. There are few vocables, for instance, more exquisitely suited to their meanings than "ghastly," "weird," "uncanny," and "fierce," yet when one hears that somebody's dinner-party was "a ghastly failure," or that a certain lady's hat was "weird," or that the failure of two trains to connect was "uncanny," or that a young woman is "fierce" to go to a reception, then one feels regretfully that the resources of our language are being impoverished and its expressiveness impaired. The newspapers make this worse, for they harp upon some naturally fine word or phrase until it becomes ridiculous and has to be eliminated from one's serious vocabulary. Ever since the recent war with Spain was fairly under

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way, the word "hero" has been rather cheap; and the last presidential campaign placed "peerless" in the Index Expurgatorius of discriminating persons; just as the Garfield-Hancock contest made the fine adjective "superb" appear ridiculous. Some newspaper man once hit upon a very picturesque metaphor when he wrote of a disabled steamer that "The ocean greyhound came limping into port"; but since that time so many ocean greyhounds have limped into port and done various other things as to make it no more possible for a person of taste to use this expression than it would be for him to describe a man or an object as falling with a "sickening thud."

The truly enlightened person uses language with entire carelessness, but it is a masterly carelessness that always keeps within the limit of good taste. It is usually colloquial but not vulgarly colloquial. It draws freely upon slang, yet always upon slang which a gentleman can use. It never savours of the gutter, and it is employed either for its expressiveness or for its humour. It is, indeed, in the use of slang that the little touches become very subtle. One cannot lay down rules, yet certain general principles may be noted. In the first place, speaking broadly, the slang that is ephemeral will not be used save for the first few days after its appearance. Some word or phrase appeals to the popular fancy, either because of its picturesqueness or for other reasons; and then the enlightened person will use it a few times; but as soon as it is heard in the mouths of every one he will discard it as he would discard a pair of soiled gloves or a frayed collar. Thus, when the late Mr. Ward McAlister made his famous social classification, it was all very well for a time to speak of The Four Hundred; but any one who does it now is, by that very fact, to be ruled out of the ranks of those who know anything at all.

Of permanent slang one will avoid the part which belongs to those sections of society that lie between the highest and the lowest. Thieves' slang, for instance, is sufficiently interesting, because of its obscurity, to make its introduction sometimes proper; so that one may, without danger of being mistaken for something that he is not, speak of money as "the long green," and may describe an untimely revelation as "blowing the gaff." Some bits of boyish slang are also quite admissible, as, for example, "doing stunts" and "a licking" and "bully." The slang of the clubs and of university men is also quite consistent with good taste. But when you make a statement and someone says "That's right" or "Sure," intending it for an assent, or says "I don't think" or "Nit," intending it for disagreement, then you may know that you have met a person who is void of the nicer understanding. I once heard a very pretty young lady in a moment of vexation say "Hully Gee!" Had she sworn a vigorous oath or two it would have been quite pardonable; but what she did say seemed to me for the moment to transform her on the spot from a very charming girl into a bedraggled guttersnipe. The trouble is that when the would-be linguistic purist finally gets it through his head that slang is in itself admissible, he cannot see that there is slang and slang, and he will, for example, think it jocular to speak of money as "scads" and of an umbrella as a "bumbershoot."

There are many words that in themselves as words are perfectly respectable both in their origin and for their history, yet which none the less, for various reasons, it is better to avoid. Among these, for example, are the adjectives "genteel" and "elegant," the former being utterly impossible, and the second needing to be used with much discrimination. It is extremely crude to employ commercial language in ordinary conversation, as in speaking of a person as "well-posted" or of what is left of anything as "the balance." Literary journalists who discuss "the literary output" ought themselves to be put out. A slight provincial touch is given by the frequent use of "minister" instead of "clergyman," and when one refers to a clergyman as a "preacher," the case is hopeless. A person who will say these things may be expected when he happens to be ill to tell you that he is "poorly."

There is another provincial usage, out of which it is to be hoped that the American people will, in the course of time, be educated. A concrete illustration will sufficiently explain it. When Mr. McKinley was inaugurated President, the

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newspapers had a great deal to say about the members of his household, describing them with infinite detail after the usual fashion of the newspaper man who is writing at space-rates. They described his wife, of course, as "Mrs. McKinley," but they always mentioned his aged mother as "Mother McKinley." This was provincial and disgusting to a degree, and it is surprising that no one ever reverted to the dignified New England usage which would have mentioned the dowager as "Madam McKinley." I should hardly have thought it necessary to speak of this detestable bit of social ignorance had not President McKinley himself been guilty of it during his recent progress through the South. Visiting Montgomery, Alabama, he was presented to some of the members of Lieutenant Hobson's family, and in the course of a public speech which he made soon after, he had something to say about the probable pride and pleasure which animated "Mother Hobson." Now, this form of speech is not only in itself crude and wholly alien to the little touches which give distinction, but its mental associations also are unpleasant; since it is a form of speech that suggests Mother Goose and Mother Bunch, and brings to mind some wrinkled, blear-eyed beldame —a wizened crone, a raucous hag; and when Mr. McKinley used it, it was so out of keeping with the dignity which usually characterises all his public utterances as to suggest that his evenings in early youth were spent in some small back-woods country "store" in the society of those who pendulously dangle their loutish legs over the sides of an empty cracker-barrel.

Provincial also are "quit," and "locate," and "location," for when you hear them used, your mind begins to brace itself for a possible mention of "victuals" and "silk hats," and "vests," and "dress suits," and "lady friends." A person who has "lady friends" is the sort of person who addresses a physician affably as "Doc," and who, if he admires him will probably describe him as "a brainy man." This is the sort of person also who habitually ignites matches by scratching them upon the seat of his trousers. Less grievous than the last quoted expressions but no less incompatible with enlightenment is such an adjective as "stylish" (except when applied to dress), and "tasty," and the word "dépôt" used of a railway station. The word "gentlemanly" is to my mind very suspicious, although it is not in itself a necessary test. It surely, however, is not a compliment to say of any one that he is "gentlemanly," that is, that he is "like a gentleman," since this implies that he is not one, but is at best an admirable imitation, such as a well-known French diplomat once found President Van Buren. Some one may say that this objection would apply as well to "manly," but the two words are not comparable. When you say of a man that he is "manly," since the fact of his being a man is already known, you are merely telling him that he has those qualities which a man ought properly to have; but when you say of him that he is "gentlemanly," this does not by any means assume that he is a gentleman, but only that he is a man who bears a certain resemblance to a gentleman.

Akin to that particular form of crudity which is always covering up commonness of thought by attempted "elegance" of language, is the desire for pedantic grammatical accuracy. It is here again that the enlightened person is very sharply distinguished from the unenlightened, for here again he can be careless without the carelessness which verges upon ignorance. Loose syntax is in itself as necessary to colloquial comfort as easy-fitting clothes are sometimes necessary to the comfort of the body; but just as one does not wear a smoking-jacket and slippers at a wedding breakfast, and just as his smoking-jacket and slippers when he does wear them are, or ought to be, well made, so the enlightened person adapts his easy-going language to the proper times and places, and his lack of adherence to rule and precept never goes beyond certain clearly defined boundaries. The unenlightened person may say of a thing that it "looks beautifully," or use the expression "between you and I," just as he may, if he is very, very benighted, say "you was"; but these are not the sort of slips that are compatible with distinction. They are to be expected from those who describe a housemaid as "the girl," which is, of course, not quite so bad as to speak of her as "the help,"

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but which, nevertheless, is the linguistic earmark of a class—a class that splits its infinitives, and thinks that Fonetik Refawrm is scholarly. The enlightened person may, however, speak of "those sort of things" and use a plural pronoun where the antecedent is an indefinite singular, as in such a sentence as "If any one comes, tell *them* I am out," and perhaps he may even say, when very colloquial indeed, "It is me"; but all these things and others like them rest in reality upon a psychological basis, and are developed on the principle either of Synesis or of Analogy.

As to the use of Americanisms, there are some very nice distinctions to be made. A person who studiously tries to discard all forms of speech which the British call "American," is just as crude and bigoted and unenlightened as is the Chauvinist who shudders at a Briticism. There are some Americanisms which it is just as well to relegate to the undiscriminating, just as there are many Briticisms whose use at once proclaims the wholly self-conscious linguistic ape. One should "guess" with much reserve, and it is not well to speak of shops as "stores." On the other hand, to speak of "riding" when "driving" is what is really meant, may be inaccurate, but it is not reprehensible. Even an enlightened person can "mail" a letter instead of "posting" it, or if it is a post-card rather than a letter, there is no particular reason why he should refrain from calling it a "postal card." Almost any Americanism, in fact, is safer than some particular Briticisms, the user of which must necessarily be quite self-conscious in his employment of them, with a self-consciousness which is fatal to real urbanity and breeding. When an American enters a railway station, and asks for the "booking office," and when he speaks of the checks for his baggage as "the brasses," then we are instantly aware that he is not merely unenlightened, but is also a plain, ordinary idiot. Some Americans who try to be English in their enunciation are propagating a curious superstition in pronouncing the word "house" as though it were "häouse"—giving it, in fact, the rustic pronunciation which has survived in some portions of New England. They do this because they have been told that it is English, and so it is; but it is Cockney English, the English of the costermongers and street sweepers of London, and is no more to be heard in the mouth of an English gentleman than are the superfluous "h" and the diphthongal "a"; so that Americans who adopt it are taking infinite trouble to ape a vulgarism which when they use it in the presence of a cultivated Englishman ranks them at once in his mind with the caddish and the ignorant. If one were consistently to Anglicise his speech and were ultimately to attain perfection in its use so that he would employ it spontaneously, it might, perhaps, be well enough; though he would show a certain lack of enlightenment in having thought it worth his while to take such infinite trouble for so pitiful an end; but as a matter of fact, I have never yet found a Briticised American who did not at some time or other betray the artificial character of his assumption. I remember once meeting on a Cunard steamer a Congressman from Boston, a very charming man and one so void of all pretentiousness as to convince me that his Anglicised mode of speech was probably due to his having been educated at one of the great English public schools, with a supplementary course at Oxford or at Cambridge; but one day, while chatting about his experience with horses, he told me that on one occasion while riding he "got a cropper," and then I knew that his British mode of speech was nothing but a sham, for an Englishman "*comes* a cropper" and does not "get" one.

If the enlightened person is discreet in his use of the British language, he must be even more discreet in his use of French. He will use a French word when he wishes to, but he will only wish to when it is particularly expressive and not readily represented by anything in English. This, however, is less important than the avoidance of those French and pseudo-French expressions, which are in the mouths of everyone, and which were culled perhaps at first from the list that may be found in the back of Webster's Dictionary. To speak of a *nom-de plume* is pretty bad, but it is not so bad as to say *fin de siècle*, which long ago became the property of the vulgar; while an individual who says that something is coming on the *tapis*, or speaks of a *début*,

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or of *bon ton*, is probably one who has spent six weeks in Europe on a Cook's excursion ticket, and who winks darkly when he mentions his visit to the French capital which he calls "Paree."

There are some little touches in written as well as in spoken language that are extremely characteristic and important. There is nothing which reveals the unenlightened person half so quickly in his correspondence, as any usage which appears to be indicative of haste; and of these indicia the most common and the most objectionable are abbreviated forms. To receive a letter containing such words as "Xmas," "tho'," "photo," and "rec'd," affects one as would the combination of a pot hat with evening clothes; and such letters when written by men are usually written by the sort of men who sign their names in such abbreviated forms as "Geo.," "Wm.," "Chas.," "Jas.," and "Jno." A shade less objectionable is the abbreviation of military titles when prefixed to proper names; but if this is carried further into spheres where such a thing is little known, it marks the acme of bad taste. At the present time this last trick seems to be confined to Massachusetts newspapers which speak of "Pres. McKinley," "Sen. Lodge," and "Cong. Sherman," while one of them lately attained to a climax beyond which nothing can ever go, by mentioning the German Kaiser as "the Emp. Wm." An elliptical style, by which brevity is attained through the omission of words, need probably not be mentioned, as the persons who would use it outside of their business correspondence are so very far down the scale as to be scarcely worth considering at all. In addressing letters and in dating them, abbreviations are undoubtedly admissible, yet I have always felt a genuine admiration for those among my correspondents who write out everything in full, as, for example, "January the twenty-eighth," "Seven hundred and sixty-three Albemarle Avenue," and so on. There is a certain aristocratic suggestion of leisure about this sort of thing that appeals to one, and that is thoroughly consistent.

Of course, the careful avoidance of the various things that have been here condemned is not necessarily a proof of real enlightenment, but it goes a long way in that direction; and it may, at any rate, be said to indicate a degree of illumination that is very hopeful. One need not sneer and say that these things are quite petty and unworthy of a serious enumeration. In the life that we are living the small things are often greater than the great ones. They come much oftener into our daily lives, and they reveal much more of underlying truth. In statesmanship and in diplomacy it is the little strokes that by a continuous accumulation bring about supreme results. In warfare it is the attention to minute detail that wins great victories. In love it is far less the great sacrifices and the proffer of unlimited devotion than it is the little touches, the myriad little touches, that win a woman's heart. And in the intercourse of human beings it is a nice regard for what is delicate, and fine, and exquisite, that marks the difference between the Usual Man and Woman, and those others who possess the rare and unmistakable insignia of distinction.

Harry Thurston Peck.

IN THE CLOISTER GARDEN

Since dusk the nightingale has sung,
But who has heard the rose reply?
And hark, the silver chimes have rung,
And see,—the weary dawn is nigh.

Thomas Walsh.

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BAGSTER'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" *

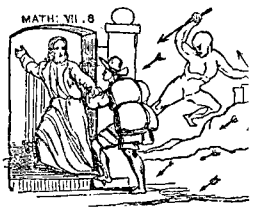
I have here before me an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, bound in green, without a date, and described as "illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings, and memoir of Bunyan." On the outside is lettered "Bagster's Illustrated Edition," and after the author's apology, facing the first page of the tale, a folding pictorial "Plan of the Road," is marked as "drawn by the late Mr. T. Conder," and engraved by J. Basire. No further information is anywhere vouchsafed; perhaps the publishers had judged the work too unimportant; and we are still left ignorant whether or not we owe the woodcuts in the body of the volume to the same hand that drew the plan. It seems, however, more than probable. The literal particularity of mind which, in the map, laid down the flower-pots in the devil's garden, and carefully introduced the court-house in the town of Vanity, is closely paralleled in many of the cuts; and in both, the architecture of the buildings and the disposition of the gardens have a kindred and entirely English air. Whoever he was, the author of these wonderful little pictures may lay claim to be the best illustrator of Bunyan.† They are not only good illustrations, like so many others; but they are like so few good illustrations of Bunyan. Their spirit, in defect and quality, is still the same as his own. The designer also has lain down and dreamed a dream, as literal, as quaint, and almost as apposite as Bunyan's; and text and pictures make but the two sides of the same homespun yet impassioned story. To do justice to the designs, it will be necessary to say, for the hundredth time, a word or two about the masterpiece which they adorn.

Obstinate reviles

Mr. Worldly-Wiseman

All allegories have a tendency to escape from the purpose of their creators; and as the characters and incidents become more and more interesting in themselves, the moral, which these were to show forth, falls more and more into neglect. An architect may command a wreath of vine-leaves round the cornice of a monument; but if, as each leaf came from the chisel, it took proper life and fluttered freely on the wall, and if the vine grew, and the building were hidden over with foliage and fruit, the architect would stand in much the same situation as the writer of allegories. The *Faëry Queen* was an allegory, I am willing to believe; but it survives as an imaginative tale in incomparable verse. The case of Bunyan is widely different; and yet in this also, Allegory, poor nymph, although never quite forgotten, is sometimes rudely thrust against the wall. Bunyan was fervently in earnest; with "his fingers in his ears, he ran on," straight for his mark. He tells us himself, in the conclusion to the first part, that he did not fear to raise a laugh; indeed, he feared nothing, and said anything; and he was greatly served in this by a certain rustic privilege of his style, which, like the talk of strong, uneducated men, when it does not impress by its force, still charms by its simplicity. The mere story and the al-

He warily retraces his step



Christian at the gate

*Originally published in the *Magazine of Art*, April, 1882, and now included in the volume of Miscellanies just issued in the Thistle Stevenson. By permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

†The illustrator was, in fact, a lady, Miss Eunice Bagster, eldest daughter of the publisher, Samuel Bagster; except in the case of the cuts depicting the fight with Apollyon, which were designed by her brother, Mr. Jonathan Bagster. The edition was published in 1845.

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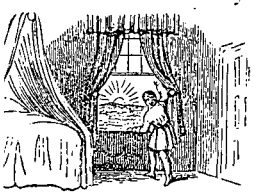
legorical design enjoyed perhaps his equal favour. He believed in both with an energy of faith that was capable of moving mountains. And we have to remark in him, not the parts where inspiration fails and is supplied by cold and merely decorative invention, but parts where faith has grown to be credulity, and his characters become so real to him that he forgets the end of their creation. We can follow him step by step into the trap which he lays for himself by his own entire good faith and triumphant literality of vision, till the trap closes and shuts him in an inconsistency. The allegories of the Interpreter and of the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains are all actually performed, like stage-plays, before the pilgrims. The son of Mr. Greatgrace visibly "tumbles hills about with his words." Adam the First has his condemnation written visibly on his forehead, so that Faithful reads it. At the very instant the net closes round the pilgrims, "the white robe falls from the black man's body." Despair "getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel"; it was in "sunshiny weather" that he had his fits; and the birds in the grove about the House Beautiful, "our country birds," only sing their little pious verses "at the spring, when the flowers appear and the sun shines warm." "I often," says Piety, "go out to hear them; we also ofttimes keep them tame on our house." The post between Beulah and the Celestial City sounds his horn, as you may yet hear in country places. Madam Bubble, that "tall, comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion, in very pleasant attire, but old," "gives you a smile at the end of each sentence"—a real woman she; we all know her. Christiana dying "gave Mr. Stand-fast a ring," for no possible reason in the allegory, merely because the touch was human and affecting. Look at Great-heart, with his soldierly ways, garrison ways, as I had almost called them; with his taste in weapons; his delight in any that "he found to be a man of his hands"; his chivalrous point of honour, letting Giant Maul get up again when he was down, a thing fairly flying in the teeth of the moral; above all, with his language in the inimitable tale of Mr. Fearing: "I thought I should have lost my man"—"chicken-hearted"—"at last he came in, and I will say that for my lord, he carried it wonderful lovingly to him." This is no Independent minister; this is a stout, honest, big-busted ancient, adjusting his shoulder-belts, twirling his long moustaches as he speaks. Last and most remarkable, "My sword," says the dying Valiant-for-Truth, he in whom Great-heart delighted, "my sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, *and my courage and skill to him that can get it.*" And after this boast, more arrogantly unorthodox than was ever dreamed of by the rejected Ignorance, we are told that "all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

The parlour unswept



The chamber called Peace

The prospect

In every page the book is stamped with the same energy of vision and the same energy of belief. The quality is equally and indifferently displayed in the spirit of the fighting, the tenderness of the pathos, the startling vigour and strangeness of the incidents, the natural strain of the conversations, and the humanity and charm of the characters. Trivial talk over a meal, the dying words of heroes, the delights of Beulah or the Celestial City, Apollyon and my Lord Hate-good, Great-heart, and Mr. Worldly Wiseman, all have been imagined with the same clearness, all written of with equal gusto and precision, all created in the same mixed element of simplicity that is almost comical, and art that, for its purpose, is faultless.

Is met by Apollyon

It was in much the same spirit that our artist sat down to his drawings. He is

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by nature a Bunyan of the pencil. He, too, will draw anything, from a butcher at work on a dead sheep, up to the courts of Heaven. "A Lamb for Supper," is the name of one of his designs, "Their Glorious Entry" of another. He has the same disregard for the ridiculous, and enjoys somewhat of the same privilege of style, so that we are pleased even when we laugh the most. He is literal to the verge of folly. If dust is to be raised from the unswept parlour, you may be sure it will "fly abundantly" in the picture. If Faithful is to lie "as dead" before Moses, dead he shall lie with a warrant—dead and stiff like granite; nay (and here the artist must enhance upon the symbolism of the author), it is with the identical stone tables of the law that Moses fells the sinner. Good and bad people whom we at once distinguish in the text by their names, Hopeful, Honest, and Valiant-for-Truth on the one hand, as against By-ends, Sir Having Greedy, and the Lord Old-man on the other, are in these drawings as simply distinguished by their costume. Good people, when not armed *cap-à-pie*, wear a speckled tunic girt about the waist, and low hats, apparently of straw. Bad people swagger in tail-coats and chimney-pots, a few with knee-breeches, but the large majority in trousers, and for all the world like guests at a garden-party. Worldly Wiseman alone, by some inexplicable quirk, stands before Christian in laced hat, embroidered waistcoat, and trunk-hose. But above all examples of this artist's intrepidity, commend me to the print entitled "Christian Finds it Deep." "A great darkness and horror," says the text, have fallen on the pilgrim; it is the comfortless death-bed with which Bunyan so strikingly concludes the sorrows and conflicts of his hero. How to represent this worthily the artist knew not; and yet he was determined to represent it somehow. This was how he did: Hopeful is still shown to his neck above the water of death; but Christian has bodily disappeared, and a blot of solid blackness indicates his place.

The fiend in discourse

The conflict

As you continue to look at these pictures, about an inch square for the most part, sometimes printed three or more to the page, and each having a printed legend of its own, however trivial the event recorded, you will soon become aware of two things: first, that the man can draw, and, second, that he possesses the gift of an imagination. "Obstinate Reviles," says the legend; and you should see Obstinate reviling. "He Warily Retraces His Steps"; and there is Christian posting through the plain, terror and speed in every muscle. "Mercy Yearns to Go" shows you a plain interior with packing going forward, and, right in the middle, Mercy yearning to go—every line of the girl's figure yearning. In "The Chamber called Peace," we see a simple English room, bed with white curtains, window valance and door, as may be found in many thousand unpretentious houses; but far off, through the open window, we behold the sun uprising out of a great plain, and Christian hails it with his hand:

Close combat

> Where am I now! is this the love and care
> Of Jesus, for the men that pilgrims are!
> Thus to provide! That I should be forgiven!
> And dwell already the next door to heaven!

A page or two further, from the top of the House Beautiful, the damsels point his gaze towards the Delectable Mountains: "The Prospect," so the cut is ticketed—and I shall be surprised if, on less than a square inch of paper, you can show me one so wide and fair. Down a cross-road on an English plain, a cathedral city outlined on the horizon, a hazel shaw upon the left, comes Madam Wanton, dancing with her fair enchanted cup, and Faithful, book in hand, half pauses. The cut is perfect as a symbol: the giddy

The deadly thrust

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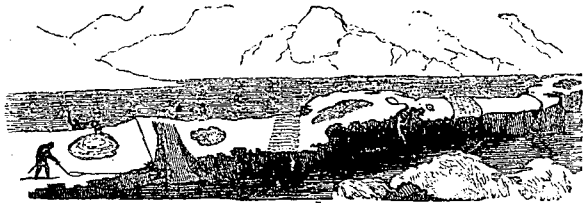
movement of the sorceress, the uncertain poise of the man struck to the heart by a temptation, the contrast of that even plain of life whereon he journeys, with the bold, ideal bearing of the wanton—the artist who invented and portrayed this had not merely read Bunyan, he had also thoughtfully lived. The Delectable Mountains—I continue skimming the first part—are not on the whole happily rendered. Once, and once only, the note is struck, when Christian and Hopeful are seen coming, shoulder-high, through a thicket of green shrubs—box, perhaps, or perfumed nutmeg; while behind them, domed or pointed, the hills stand ranged against the sky. A little further, and we come to that masterpiece of Bunyan's insight into life, the Enchanted Ground; where, in a few traits, he has set down the latter end of such a number of the would-be good; where his allegory goes so deep that, to people looking seriously on life, it cuts like satire. The true significance of this invention lies, of course, far out of the way of drawing; only one feature, the great tedium of the land, the growing weariness in well-doing, may be somewhat represented in a symbol. The pilgrims are near the end: "Two Miles Yet," says the legend. The road goes ploughing up and down over a rolling heath; the wayfarers, with outstretched arms, are already sunk to the knees over the brow of the nearest hill; they have just passed a milestone with the cipher two; from overhead a great, piled, summer cumulus, as of a slumberous summer afternoon, beshadows them: two miles! it might be hundreds. In dealing with the Land of Beulah the artist lags, in both parts, miserably behind the text, but in the distant prospect of the Celestial City more than regains his own. You will remember when Christian and Hopeful "with desire fell sick." "Effect of the Sunbeams" is the artist's title. Against the sky, upon a cliffy mountain, the radiant temple beams upon them over deep, subjacent woods; they, behind a mound, as if seeking shelter from the splendour—one prostrate on his face, one kneeling, and with hands ecstatically lifted—yearn with passion after that immortal city. Turn the page, and we behold them walking by the very shores of death; Heaven, from this nigher view, has risen half-way to the zenith, and sheds a wider glory; and the two pilgrims, dark against that brightness, walk and sing out of the fulness of their hearts. No cut more thoroughly illustrates at once the merit and the weakness of the artist. Each pilgrim sings with a book in his grasp—a family Bible at the least for bigness; tomes so recklessly enormous that our second impulse is to laughter. And yet that is not the first thought, nor perhaps the last. Something in the attitude of the manikins—faces they have none, they are too small for that—something in the way they swing these monstrous volumes to their singing, something perhaps borrowed from the text, some subtle differentiation from the cut that went before and the cut that follows after—something, at least, speaks clearly of a fearful joy, of Heaven seen from the death-bed, of the horror of the last passage no less than of the glorious coming home. There is that in the action of one of them which always reminds me, with a difference, of that haunting last glimpse of Thomas Idle, travelling to Tyburn in the cart. Next come the Shining Ones, wooden and trivial enough; the pilgrims pass

is last weapon—All-prayer

Thanksgiving for victory

Whispering blasphemies



Snares, traps, gins, and pitfalls

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into the river; the blot already mentioned settles over and obliterates Christian. In two more cuts we behold them drawing nearer to the other shore; and then, between two radiant angels, one of whom points upwards, we see them mounting in new weeds, their former lendings left behind them on the inky river. More angels meet them; Heaven is displayed, and if no better, certainly no worse, than it has been shown by others—a place, at least, infinitely populous and glorious with light—a place that haunts solemnly the hearts of children. And then this symbolic draughtsman once more strikes into his proper vein. Three cuts conclude the first part. In the first the gates close, black against the glory struggling from within. The second shows us Ignorance—alas! poor Arminian!—hailing, in a sad twilight, the ferryman Vain-Hope; and in the third we behold him, bound hand and foot, and black already with the hue of his eternal fate, carried high over the mountain-tops of the world by two angels of the anger of the Lord. "Carried to Another Place," the artist enigmatically names his plate—a terrible design.

Two miles yet

Madam Wanton

Wherever he touches on the black side of the supernatural his pencil grows more daring and incisive. He has many true inventions in the perilous and diabolic; he has many startling nightmares realised. It is not easy to select the best; some may like one and some another; the nude, depilated devil bounding and casting darts against the Wicket Gate; the scroll of flying horrors that hang over Christian by the Mouth of Hell; the horned shade that comes behind him whispering blasphemies; the daylight breaking through that rent cave-mouth of the mountains and falling chill adown the haunted tunnel; Christian's further progress along the causeway, between the two black pools, where, at every yard or two, a gin, a pitfall, or a snare awaits the passer-by—loathsome white devilkins harbouring close under the bank to work the springs, Christian himself pausing and pricking with his sword's point at the nearest noose, and pale discomfortable mountains rising on the farther side; or yet again, the two ill-favoured ones that beset the first of Christian's journey, with the frog-like structure of the skull, the frog-like limberness of limbs—crafty, slippery, lustful-looking devils, drawn always in outline as though possessed of a dim, infernal luminosity. Horrid fellows are they, one and all; horrid fellows and horrific scenes.

In quite another spirit that Good-Conscience "to whom Mr. Honest had spoken in his lifetime," a cowled, grey, awful figure, one hand pointing to the heavenly shore, realises, I will not say all, but some at least of the strange impressiveness of Bunyan's words. It is no easy nor pleasant thing to speak in one's lifetime with Good-Conscience; he is an austere, unearthly friend, whom maybe Torquemada knew; and the folds of his raiment are not merely claustral, but have something of the horror of the pall. Be not afraid, however, with the hand of that appearance Mr. Honest will get safe across.

Effect of the sunbeams

Yet perhaps it is in sequences that this artist best displays himself. He loves to look at either side of a thing: as, for instance, when he shows us both sides of the wall—"Grace Inextinguishable" on the one side, with the devil vainly pouring buckets on the flame, and "The Oil of Grace" on the other, where the Holy Spirit, vessel in hand, still secretly supplies the fire. He loves, also, to show us the same event twice over, and to repeat his instantaneous photographs at the interval of but a moment. So we have, first, the whole troop of Pilgrims coming up to Valiant and Great-

Carried to another place

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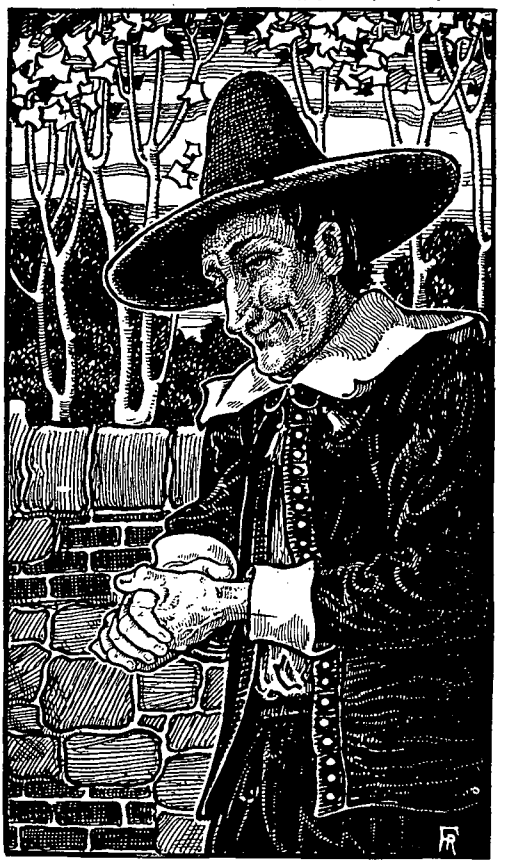
heart to the front, spear in hand and parleying; and next, the same cross-roads, from a more distant view, the convoy now scattered and looking safely and curiously on, and Valiant handing over for inspection his "right Jerusalem blade." It is true that this designer has no great care after consistency: Apollyon's spear is laid by, his quiver of darts will disappear, whenever they might hinder the designer's freedom; and the fiend's tail is bobbled or forked at his good pleasure. But this is not unsuitable to the illustration of the fervent Bunyan, breathing hurry and momentary inspiration. He, with his hot purpose, hunting sinners with a lasso, shall himself forget the things that he has written yesterday. He shall first slay Heedless in the Valley of the Shadow, and then take leave of him talking in his sleep, as if nothing had happened. And again, in his rhymed prologue, he shall assign some of the glory of the siege of Doubting Castle to his favourite Valiant-for-Truth, who did not meet with the besiegers till long after, at that dangerous corner by Deadman's Lane. And, with all inconsistencies and freedoms, there is a power shown in these sequences of cuts; a power of joining on one action or one humour to another; a power of following out the moods, even of the dismal subterhuman fiends engendered by the artist's fancy; a power of sustained continuous realisation, step by step, in nature's order, that can tell a story, in all its ins and outs, its pauses and surprises, fully and figuratively, like the art of words.

One such sequence is the fight of Christian and Apollyon—six cuts, weird and fiery, like the text. The pilgrim is throughout a pale and stockish figure; but the devil covers a multitude of defects. There is no better devil of the conventional order than our artist's Apollyon, with his mane, his wings, his bestial legs, his changing and terrifying expression, his infernal energy to slay. In cut the first you see him afar off, still obscure in form, but already formidable in suggestion. Cut the second, "The Fiend in Discourse," represents him, not reasoning, railing rather, shaking his spear at the pilgrim, his shoulder advanced, his tail writhing in the air, his



WHOSE NAME WAS BY-ENDS.

foot ready for a spring, while Christian stands back a little, timidly defensive. The third illustrates these magnificent words: "Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul! And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast." In the cut he throws a dart with either hand, belching pointed flames out of his mouth, spreading his broad vans, and straddling the while across the path, as only a fiend can straddle who has just sworn by his infernal den. The defence will not be long against such vice, such flames, such red-hot nether energy. And in the fourth cut, to be sure, he has leaped bodily upon his victim, sped by foot and pinion, and roaring as he leaps. The fifth shows the climacteric of the battle. Christian has reached nimbly out and got his sword,

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GATHER MY WHEAT INTO THE GARNER.

and dealt that deadly home-thrust, the fiend still stretched upon him, but "giving back, as one that had received his mortal wound." The raised head, the bellowing mouth, the paw clapped upon the sword, the one wing relaxed in agony, all realise vividly these words of the text. In the sixth and last, the trivial armed figure of the pilgrim is seen kneeling with clasped hands on the betrodden scene of contest and among the shivers of the darts; while just at the margin the hinder quarters and the tail of Apollyon are whisking off, indignant and discomfited.

In one point only do these pictures seem to be unworthy of the text, and that point is one rather of the difference of arts than the difference of artists. Throughout his best and worst, in his highest and most divine imaginations as in the narrowest sallies of his sectarianism, the human-hearted piety of Bunyan touches and ennobles, convinces, accuses the reader. Through no art besides the art of words can the kindness of a man's affections be expressed. In the cuts you shall find faithfully parodied the quaintness and the power, the triviality and the surprising freshness of the author's fancy; there you shall find him outstripped in ready symbolism and the art of bringing things essentially invisible before the eyes: but to feel the contact of essential goodness, to be made in love with piety, the book must be read and not the prints examined.

Farewell should not be taken with a grudge; nor can I dismiss in any other words than those of gratitude a series of pictures which have, to one at least, been the visible embodiment of Bunyan from childhood up, and shown him, through all his years, Great-heart lungeing at Giant Maul, and Apollyon breathing fire at Christian, and every turn and town along the road to the Celestial City, and that bright place itself, seen as to a stave of music, shining afar off upon the hill-top, the candle of the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

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GATHER TOGETHER THE TARES, . . . AND CAST THEM INTO THE BURNING LAKE.

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THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

V.—Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Artemus Ward.

In the autumn of 1865 Mark Twain heard the now famous story of the Jumping Frog, related as having actually happened at Angel's Camp in Calaveras County more than twenty-five years before. That story, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, was the initial story and gave the title o his first book, published in New York in 1867. A few years ago, however, a friend of his, a Greek professor at Princeton, pointed out to him that the same story had been told in Greece two thousand years ago! In his book, *How to Tell a Story and Other Essays*, Mark Twain has himself given us a humorous account of how he attained fame through the Jumping Frog story, and has pointed out the points of resemblance between his own and the Greek story-teller's version. But all this is so much better told in his own words:

I used to tell the story of the Jumping Frog in San Francisco, and presently Artemus Ward came along and wanted it to help fill out a little book which he was about to publish; so I wrote it out and sent it to his publisher, Carleton; but Carleton thought the book had enough matter in it, so he gave the story to Henry Clapp as a present, and Clapp put it in his *Saturday Press*, and it killed that paper with a suddenness that was beyond praise. At least the paper died with that issue, and none but envious people have tried to rob me of the honour and credit of killing it. The "Jumping Frog" was the first piece of writing of mine that spread itself through the newspapers and brought me into public notice. Consequently, the *Saturday Press* was a cocoon and I the worm in it; also, I was the gay-coloured literary moth which its death set free. The simile has been used before.

And he goes on to say:

Early in '66 the "Jumping Frog" was issued in book form, with other sketches of mine. A year or two later Madame Blanc translated it into French and published it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but the resu't was not what should have been expected, for the *Revue* struggled along and pulled through, and is alive yet. I think the fault must have been in the translation. I ought to have translated it myself. I think so, because I examined into the matter and finally re-translated the sketch from the French back into English, to see what the trouble was; that is, to see just what sort of a focus the French people got upon it. Then the mystery was explained. In French the story is too confused, and chaotic, and unreposeful, and ungrammatical, and insane; consequently it could only cause grief and sickness—it could not kill.

He then prints his re-translation—done literally, word for word, with all the masculine and feminine pronouns and adjectives and adverbs, without which it would not be good French, but with which, as a specimen of English, it certainly is "confused, and chaotic, and unreposeful, and ungrammatical, and insane," or, as he says of one especially involved passage, "grammar gone to seed."

Although Mark Twain says the book was issued "early in '66," bibliographers give the date of the first edition as 1867. It may have been issued in the autumn of 1866. It is a sixteenmo, bound in purple cloth, with a gilt frog on the front cover. The title-page says that the book was edited by "John Paul." This was one of the pen-names of a forgotten humourist, Charles Henry Webb, the author of *Liffith Lank*, a burlesque of Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*, and *St. Twel'mo*, a burlesque of "Gusta" Evans's *St. Elmo* (both of which are advertised in the *Jumping Frog*) and other books.

An edition was issued in paper covers, in London, the same year. The dedication of the book is as follows:

TO

JOHN SMITH

WHOM I HAVE KNOWN IN DIVERS AND SUNDRY PLACES ABOUT THE WORLD, AND WHOSE MANY AND MANIFOLD VIRTUES DID ALWAYS COMMAND MY ESTEEM, I

Dedicate this Book.

It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated, always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon

THE AUTHOR.

We are allowed to quote from an unpublished letter of Mark Twain's, in

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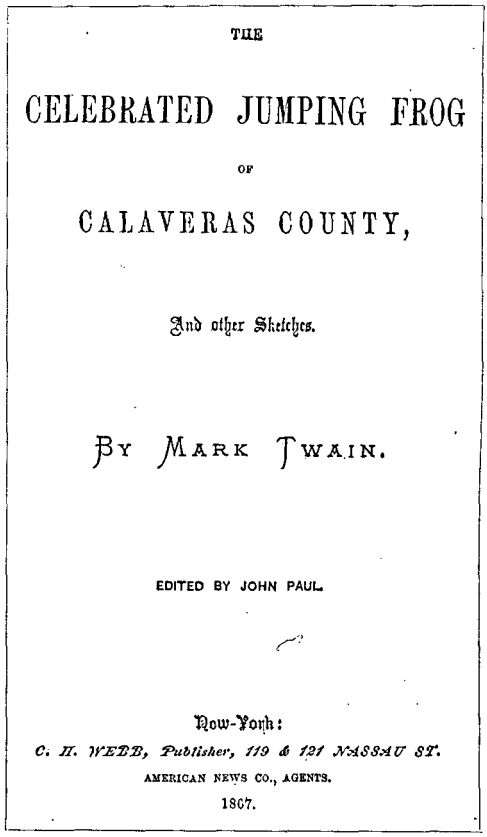
which he tells us of his expectations regarding his first book. This was a letter to F. S. Drake, written in reply to an inquiry for material to be used in preparing a sketch for Drake's *Biographical Dictionary*, which was published in 1872. It is undated, but was evidently written in the latter part of 1870, or early in


THE

CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG

OF

CALAVERAS COUNTY,

And other Sketches.

BY MARK TWAIN.

EDITED BY JOHN PAUL.

New-York:

C. H. WEBB, Publisher, 119 & 121 NASSAU ST.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AGENTS.

1867.

1871, as he notes that the *Innocents Abroad* had been out sixteen months. *Innocents Abroad*, his second book, was published in Hartford, in 1869.

I fully expected the "Jumping Frog" to sell 50,000 copies & it only sold 4,000; & I only expected the "Innocents" to sell 3,000 copies, but it astounded me by selling 85,000 copies *within sixteen months*—which, I am told, is the largest sale of a *four-dollar* book (price is $3.50 to $5.00—$4.00 about the average) ever achieved in America in so short a time. *That* is the only thing in my life that seems to me remarkable enough to merit public attention.

In *My First Book*, a volume edited, with an introduction, by Jerome K. Jerome, Bret Harte, with a number of other authors, has told the story, from recollection, of his first book. It seems that, while he was a newspaper writer in San Francisco, a bookseller of that city brought to him a collection of verse by California writers that had been taken from the newspapers published on the Pacific Coast. He asked Bret Harte to make additions to the collection and select from the lot a representative assortment which he could publish in book-form. Mr. Harte says:

I have reason to believe that this unfortunate man was actuated by a laudable desire to publish a pretty Californian book—his first essay in publication—and at the same time to foster Eastern immigration by an exhibition of Californian literary product, but, looking back upon his venture, I am inclined to think that the little volume never contained anything more poetically pathetic or touchingly imaginative than that gentle conception.

The editor and publisher circulated a request in the newspapers for poems by Californians, and they were immediately swamped with an abundance of material, manuscript and printed, all, the editor now says, of a uniform dead level as regards merit. A selection was made, however, and the volume printed.

In the article referred to above, Bret Harte does not give the title of the book he tells us about, nor the year when it was published, but it is known to have been *Outcroppings: Selections of California Verse*, published in San Francisco in 1866. He says also: "My 'first book' was not my own, and contained beyond the title-page not one word of my own composition." Nevertheless he did, it is quite evident, write the Preface, which we reprint:

In presenting to the public a volume of this character, few words of explanation are required. Its contents have been selected partly from contributions by local poets to the California newspapers during the past ten years, and partly from material collected three years ago for a similar volume by Miss M. V. Tingley.

It might be expected that a country whose scenery is remarkable for sublimity and grandeur would have inspired some suitable expression here. But the attempts at descriptive and pastoral poetry have not been generally successful; perhaps a monotonous climate, lacking those vicissitudes of seasons which elsewhere inspire the imagination, has obliged the poet to look oftener in his own heart for that Spring and Autumn from which so much imagery is supposed to flow,

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or in the fortunes of his fellow-men, which are mostly exempt from this climatic influence. It has, therefore, been thought preferable to select poems relating to a lower plane of incident and experience, as less likely to exhibit a contrast between the subject and its treatment than more ambitious efforts.

For these reasons, some verses have been excluded from the work for which many readers will confidently look, and some admitted which will be equally unexpected. While it is not probable that the rejection or selection of any poem will affect the reputation of the poet, it cannot be denied that the performance of this duty is one attended with some responsibility and peril.

The book is a handsome specimen of bookmaking, and a credit to the printer and publisher, if it was really printed in the West, which is probable, though we have not actually verified it. On the verso of the title-page is "Alvord, Printer." It is a square sixteenmo, bound in magenta cloth, with gilt edges, and contains forty-two poems by nineteen authors, but not one by the editor. The Roos copy, the first to come up in the auction room with the statement that it was Bret Harte's first book, was sold in 1897 for $24.00.

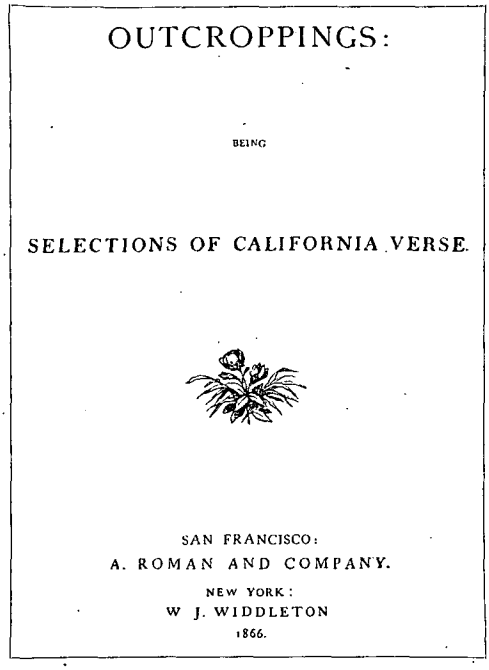
Bret Harte says that review copies were supplied liberally to the press, but that at first no notice was taken of the book. Finally several of the mining weeklies reviewed it in the characteristic and free, if not elegant, language of the period. These abusive criticisms, written, the editor now thinks, in jest, were copied by the big dailies, with the added opprobrium of large-type headlines, and the book sold tremendously. He quotes some of these criticisms, mostly from memory, but he has, he says, "only softened their asperity."

The Red Dog *Jay Hawk's* literary critic said:

The hogwash and "purp"-stuff ladled out from the slop bucket of Messrs. —— & Co., of 'Frisco, by some lop-eared Eastern apprentice, and called *A Compilation of California Verse*, might be passed over, so far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steamboat ticket to the Bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture "Californian" it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted "Yellow Hammer," whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the *Jay Hawk*. That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and thistles which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor.

The Dutch Flat *Clarion* said, in the same vein:

We doubt if a more feeble collection of drivel could have been made, even if taken exclusively from the editor's own verses, which, we note, he has, by an equal editorial incompetency, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a felicity of idiotic selection, this person has chosen only one, and the least characteristic, of the really clever poems of Adoniram Skaggs, which have so often graced these columns, we have said enough to satisfy our readers.


OUTCROPPINGS:

BEING

SELECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA VERSE.

SAN FRANCISCO:
A. ROMAN AND COMPANY.
NEW YORK:
W. J. WIDDLETON
1866.

The criticism of the Mormon Hill *Quartz Crusher* is in the "miner" key:

We don't know why Messrs. —— & Co. send us, under the title of *Selections of California Poetry*, a quantity of slum-gullion which really belongs to the sluices of a placer mining camp, or the ditches of the rural districts. We have sometimes been compelled to run a lot of tailings through our stamps, but never of the grade of the samples offered, which, we should say, would average about 33⅓ cents per ton.

The author concludes the story of his first book as follows:

I have long since been convinced that my most remorseless critics were not in earnest, but were obeying some hidden impulse

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started by the first attacking journal. The extravagance of the Red Dog *Jay Hawk* was emulated by others; it was a large, contagious joke, passed from journal to journal in a peculiar cyclonic Western fashion. And there still lingers, not unpleasantly, in my memory the conclusion of a cheerfully scathing review of the book which may make my meaning clearer: "If we have said anything in this article which might cause a single pang to the poetically sensitive nature of the youthful individual calling himself Mr. Francis Bret Harte—but who, we believe, occasionally parts his name and his hair in the middle—we will feel that we have not laboured in vain, and are ready to sing *Nunc Dimittis*, and hand in our checks. We have no doubt of the absolutely pellucid and lacteal purity of Franky's intentions. He means well to the Pacific Coast, and we return the compliment. But he has strayed away from his parents and guardians while he was too fresh. He will not keep without a little salt."

Authors do not, apparently, keep copies of the first editions of their books beside them for use in after years. Bret Harte, in the Introduction to the last collected edition of his *Poetical Works*, slips up also on the date of the first printed volume of his own verse. He says:

> The author's *first* volume was published in 1865 in a thin book of verse, containing, besides the titular poem, "The Lost Galleon," various patriotic contributions to the lyrics of the Civil War, then raging, and certain better known humorous pieces, which have been hitherto interspersed with his later poems in separate volumes, but are now restored to their former companionship. This was followed in 1867 by *The Condensed Novels*, originally contributed to the *San Francisco Californian*, a journal then edited by the author, and a number of local sketches entitled *Bohemian Papers*, making a single not very plethoric volume, the author's first book of prose.

The Lost Galleon was not published in 1865, but in 1867, in which year also the book was copyrighted. It was a thin twelvemo, issued in green cloth, with a gilt design of a sail on the front cover. The title-page, printed in red and black, runs as follows:

The | Lost Galleon | and | other Tales. | By | Fr. Bret Harte. | San Francisco: | Towne & Bacon, Printers. | 1867. |

The book contains twenty-five poems, mostly included in the collected editions, but with some changes. At the end is a page of notes, not reprinted. Explanatory of "The Lost Galleon" he says:

> I know not if any galleon was ever really missing. For two hundred and fifty years they made the annual trip between Acapulco and Manila. It may be some satisfaction to the more severely practical of my readers to know, that, according to the best statistics of insurance, the loss during that period would be exactly three vessels and six-hundredths of a vessel, which would certainly justify me in this summary disposition of one.

Charles Farrar Browne is another American writer about whose first book we may speak in connection with those of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. In the biographical sketch prefixed to the new edition of Artemus Ward's Works, published by the G. W. Dillingham Company last year, Mr. Melville D. Landon ("Eli Perkins") tells us that Browne began his literary life as printer's "devil," or general utility man around the office of the *Skowhegan Clarion*. Little wonder, it seems to us, that he turned out a humourist, beginning his life-work on such a newspaper.

It was afterwards, while working as reporter on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, that he adopted the sobriquet of "Artemus Ward." The first article to which he affixed this signature was entitled "One of Mr. Ward's Business Letters." This was widely copied by other newspapers from New York to San Francisco, and Mr. Browne "awoke one morning to find himself famous." In this letter, supposed to be written from some point in Indiana, Mr. Ward's "moral show," the adventures of which form the subject of many of his later articles, is first mentioned. This letter is the first article in the author's first published book, *Artemus Ward, His Book*, published by Carleton in New York in 1862. It is as follows:

> To the Editor of the ———
>
> Sir—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a termenjus

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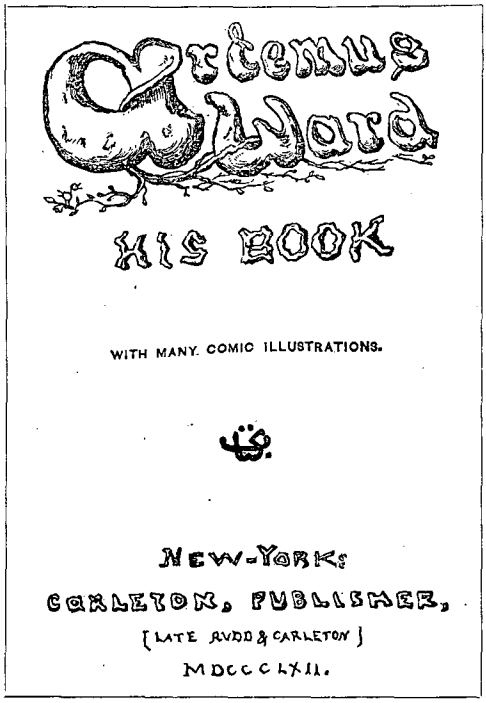
excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery of your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to *your printin office*. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,
A. Ward.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

This first edition contained sixteen rather crude (but none the less comical) full-page illustrations printed on tinted paper. It is said that upwards of forty thousand copies of the book have been sold.



In closing these articles on the "first books" of American authors, we wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Robert Hoe, Mr. A. J. Morgan, Mr. William Harris Arnold, Mr. Francis Wilson, and Mr. Louis I. Haber, for their courtesy in allowing us to make fac-similes of the title-pages of some of the books described.

Luther S. Livingston.

THACKERAY'S "KING GLUMPUS" AND "THE EXQUISITES"

The editors of THE BOOKMAN have submitted to me a letter written to them on the subject of Thackeray's two early plays, *King Glumpus* and *The Exquisites*, the former of which was reprinted in the December BOOKMAN. A prefatory note which I wrote for this reprint is the main occasion of this letter; but, passing by the writer's sharp criticism of what seems to him my unseemly enthusiasm over an interesting bibliographical item, there is beyond this an amount of entertaining matter and information which gives the communication some importance and value. Before taking issue with our correspondent on several points, I shall here insert his letter.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Sirs:—In reprinting *King Glumpus* in the December BOOKMAN, you have earned the gratitude of Thackeray lovers. This "interlude" is not quite as unknown as Mr. Livingston in his introduction seems to think. Mr. Lambert of this city has had a copy of this interesting item for a number of years, and in October last a new edition, a fac-simile of the first, was published in London, by W. T. Spencer, at £1, 1s. The drawings were reproduced in the *Autographic Mirror* in 1864, as Mr. Livingston notes. That no notice is taken of *King Glumpus* by any bibliographer of Thackeray need not cause surprise, as not less than sixty-one of Thackeray's minor papers which have been included in various editions of the *Works*, are entirely unnoticed by both Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Anderson. I am inclined to disagree, however, with Mr. Livingston when he says that "admirers of the author will find both text and illustrations extremely Thackerayesque," for I fail to find a trace of Thackeray's work in any of the lines of *King Glumpus*. That he drew these pictures I have no doubt, but that he wrote a line of the text I don't for one moment believe, and I feel just as certain of this as I

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do that it was Thackeray, not Dickens, who revised and rewrote the "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" for George Cruikshank in 1839. George William Reid attributes this revision, I know, to Dickens, but Blanchard Jerrold says Thackeray, and so say I; for Bateman is Thackerayesque and *Glumpus*, I submit, is not. When Mrs. Ritchie stated that the *Yellow Plush Correspondence*, published in Philadelphia in 1838, was the first of her father's writings to be published in book form, she was perfectly well aware of the existence of *King Glumpus*, and I believe equally satisfied that her father did not write it.

It may interest some of your readers to know that a companion to *King Glumpus* has lately been discovered and that it is probable that Thackeray contributed the illustrations. A correspondent writes from London as follows: "*The Exquisites* is a volume of exactly similar appearance to the *King Glumpus*, though the illustrations are not so typical of Thackeray as in the latter. It is a play not of any special merit as to style or plot, I am told, but I have not read it myself, except a sentence or two. I noticed the name 'Stubbs' which at this date (1839) [Stubbs's Calendar appeared in Cruikshank's almanac for 1839, published in the latter part of 1838] is interesting. From the style of the illustrations, I should have thought them of a date prior to 1839, which may be the case. They are certainly not such happy specimens as in *King Glumpus*. The two books have turned up together after lying forgotten in the possession of the present owner for many years. He will not separate them and wants [I won't tell you what he wants, but one might think it was the Philippine Archipelego he had to sell] for the pair. Of course I have no means of proving it to be Thackeray's, but I have no doubt it is by him." Another correspondent states that *The Exquisites* has three plates and was issued in 1839.

There is a great mass of Thackeray's writings and drawings which have never been reprinted and are practically unknown. Much of it of course was ephemeral, and would be almost pointless if reread to-day, but much of it is good literature, which ought not to be lost entirely to Thackeray lovers. Take just the titles of some of these, "Sketches by Boz," "The Pickwick Papers," "The Speeches of Lord Brougham," "The Works of Henry Fielding," and "Dumas 'On the Rhine.'" Why should such items as these remain unpublished?

I have lately read a bit of verse by Thackeray which up to the present time has not been in print at all. It is entitled "Catherine Hayes," and is divided into two parts, the first part containing thirteen stanzas, and the second twelve stanzas of four lines each. The first part tells in doggerel the story of Catherine Hayes, the murderess, the heroine of Thackeray's story of *Catherine*, and the second tells of that other Catherine Hayes, the singer, whose friends in Ireland showered such indignation upon Thackeray for daring to use this charming lady's name for so vile a character. Mrs. Ritchie tells of this episode in the introduction to *Barry Lyndon* (pp. xix., xx.). I think it was the "Victoria Regia" for which Miss Proctor was gathering contributions in 1860, when she applied to him for something from his pen, and for which he finally gave "A Leaf Out of a Sketch Book." Mr. W. W. S. Follett Synge owned the original manuscript of "Catherine Hayes" (the ballad), and some years ago he gave it to Mrs. A. L. Wister of Philadelphia, the accomplished daughter of the late Dr. Furness. A few months ago Mrs. Wister gave this manuscript to Dr. Weir Mitchell, the author of *Hugh Wynne*, and he has lately sent a copy of these verses to Mrs. Ritchie, so we may yet find this interesting item in the biographical introductions to the Thackeray volumes.

FREDERICK S. DICKSON.

Philadelphia, December 6, 1898.

Now as to whether Thackeray wrote the text of either of the little plays, *King Glumpus* and *The Exquisites*, I do not claim to be a competent judge. I must leave that to be fought over by the experts. There seems, however, to be good ground for the belief that Thackeray wrote at least the first of the two plays.

As to the priority of Mr. Spencer's reprint of *King Glumpus*, that is easily explained. Both Mr. Spencer's and that in THE BOOKMAN were made from the same copy of the book, and necessarily Mr. Spencer had it first in his possession. But, while announcing the reprint in his circular he says, "Ready now. October, 1898," I have every reason to believe that neither Mr. Dickson, nor any one else in America, saw a copy before the first of December, by which time THE BOOKMAN, containing its reprint of *King Glumpus*, was in the hands of its subscribers.

While Mr. Dickson states that *King Glumpus* is "not quite as unknown" as I "seem to think," he is nevertheless ready to say that the companion, *The Exquisites*, has "lately been discovered." As a matter of fact, a copy of each of these books is in the British Museum, where they have been probably for many years. The copies of which his correspondent writes were offered for sale by Bertram Dobell of London in his November catalogue, and the price asked was £200 ($1000). Perhaps a purchaser might secure a controlling interest in a real small Philippine Island for this sum. Notwithstanding this price, which his English correspondent thinks so stupendous, the two books were purchased, by cable, by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the publishers of THE BOOK-

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MAN. They had previously purchased the copy of *King Glumpus*, from which Mr. Spencer made his reprint, and have also since purchased another copy of *The Exquisites* at a recent sale at Sotheby's. This copy is said to have been offered in a Northampton bookseller's catalogue for 2s. 6d., but when put up at auction it brought £58. This makes two copies of each of the plays which this firm has owned within the past three months.

Mr. Dickson's "other correspondent" is also in error when he says that *The Exquisites* has three plates. He was careless in making his examination of the book. The copy he examined is before me as I write, and it contains four plates.

Luther S. Livingston.

TWO TALES OF ADVENTURE*

It seemed, a short time ago, as though romanticism had run its due course, as though fiction dealing in the black and white of reality were destined to take first place in public fancy, if only through reaction. Recent political events have, however, played vigorously into the hands of the romantic guild. The present hue and cry is more than ever on the heels of physical excitement. Whoever rolls up the sleeve of honest Anglo-Saxon pugnacity is sure of the market; Mars looks from on high as the Mæcenas of the moment! a wreath of battle-smoke is the literary bays, so to speak, of the times. One can conceive of nothing more toothsome to the general mind just now than a lively tale of the late war. But in lieu of such entertainment —as yet not provided for public clamour —readers are mightily glad to open arms of welcome to their old favourites and their moving chronicles of field and flood. Of fresh matter of that ilk, Weyman's *The Castle Inn* and Gilbert Parker's *The Battle of the Strong* have especial salt. Together they wring out most of the relish to be found in that sort of writing. One is the complement of the other, representing a slide of the scale from the bass note of sheer physical joy to the higher and more feminine note of refined interest.

Authors must count largely on the rased tablet of the public's memory—on the morality of much fiction—or else how can they have the courage to create? Fearfully narrow, like the squeezing walls of a torture-chamber, grow the limits of invention. A few decades hence what unexploited device will remain to the unhappy spinner of plots? The merit of the present romances lies not so much in the discoverer of new themes as in the happy manner in which the authors have reframed and recoloured the canvas of familiar subject-matter. Mr. Weyman deals in abductions and coachwheels; Mr. Parker pictures the sorrow of the forsaken wife. These things are frankly old-fashioned; but not too old-fashioned to claim our sympathies. The smothered scream heard from a galloping coach touches an ever-tense chord of romantic excitement; and the tears of an Ariadne seldom fall in vain.

The Castle Inn fulfills Dr. Johnson's recipe for books that "we read with most pleasure." The tale not only has a succession of events but they occur with almost the prompt explosion of a string of lighted fire-crackers; every few chapters have a fuse. One does not meet with the deadly *longueurs* of the author's *Shrewsbury*. There is in it quite as much spirit as *A Gentleman of France*, and much more finish of style. Mr. Weyman in his later works has shown a decided affection for Fielding. The reader of *The Castle Inn* is fed on no sweatmeats of sentiment, as in the pages of Anthony Hope, but on under-done cuts of roast beef washed down with ale, a diet of boisterous, full-blooded doings like those of *Tom Jones*. Such records blend with the atmosphere of England a hundred and thirty years ago, when the House of Hanover, by its own coarseness, put a royal seal on high-handed licentiousness. Rough wooing —the having of a maid willy-nilly—was distinctly the order of the day.

*The Castle Inn. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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Sir George is not your porcelain clay hero; he is a *chevalier sans peur* but not *sans reproche;* he does not attempt to stagger one's pure human conception of passion by the large strut of his sentiments as do so many of his kith. Indeed Julia—the Pamela of gross persecutions, who is haled off in coaches, diced for by befuddled Lotharios, locked up in lonely manor-chambers—has much cause to complain of his lukewarmth as a suitor if not as a champion. Julia, though no elaborate study, creates a distinct and pleasing impression by certain flashes of her humour and hard beauty. Lady Dunborough is the conventional clapper-clawing dame. William Pitt, the only historic character, is a mere wash-drawing. The original efforts in idiocrasy are the pettifogger, Feswick, who pushes Julia's legal claims, and the lily-livered Thomasson, tutor of lordships. Looking back on the duels and the dashing episodes that form the tissue of *The Castle Inn,* it may seem rather raw amusement, where the mind has jolted full-long on midnight roads, and where fortuity has been hard-worked; but this is to examine too curiously into what the eye glided over willingly enough. It were the act of an ingrate to hold other than that Mr. Weyman has provided exceptional diversion in plot, converse and style; a style ornate, to be sure, with its "choice Latin, picked phrase," and strange oaths, but vigorously masculine and suited to the matter in hand.

The Battle of the Strong, by Mr. Gilbert Parker, bears the same relation to *The Castle Inn* that *Henry Esmond* does to *Tom Jones.* It draws one more by its high-strung sentiment than by its contrivance, although that is highly dramatic. With the exception of *The Pomp of the Lavilettes,* it seems to me the one novel by this author that enunciates its meaning without a mouth full of pebbles. His earlier stories were difficult of entry; conscientious details almost choked the plot; the feeling was somehow not the real thing. *The Battle of the Strong* has certainly the merits of *The Pomp of the Lavilettes,* and its humanness strikes more to the core. There is a rich tone of background, a sense of wildness and beauty, that enhance the more material considerations of the book. Mr. Parker has left Canadian soil, but has found in the Isle of Jersey, with its French-English atmosphere, new scenes as congenial to his pen and as picturesque in their appeal to the imagination. What nails the book to a high mark is, however, the character of Guida Landresse—the accent of spiritual passionateness she reveals in all the situations in which she has part. Nothing else is quite so vital, although in the fortunes of Philip D'Avranches, the perfidious lover of Guida, there is much that is striking. Certain glimpses of the girl haunt the memory, as the following one:

> At first he did not recognise Guida. There was only a picture before him which, by some fantastic transmission, merged into his reveries. What he saw was an ancient building—just such a humble pile of stone and rough mortar as one might see on some lone cliff of the Ægean or on abandoned isles of the equatorial sea. The gloom of a windowless vault was behind the girl, but the filtered sunlight of late September fell on her head. It brightened the white kerchief, and the bodice and skirt of a faint pink, throwing the face into a pleasing shadow where the hand curved over the forehead. She stood like some Diana of a ruined temple looking out into the staring day.

This scene of the lovers has the genuine note of emotion. In it, as in other passages of the book, Mr. Parker shows that sensitiveness to minor appeals of situation which is so much the essence of art. The narrative takes its real start with this revelation of Guida's strong, frank nature, and from that point grows in widening circles of interest until it reaches its dramatic climax in the vivid chapter describing the appearance of Guida as an injured wife before the dignified Cohue Royale to claim her little son, according to an ancient Norman custom. For years she has suffered shame in noble, if somewhat mistaken silence, while D'Avranches, adopted by the great Duke of Bercy in the weakness of his ambitions, takes another spouse. Nothing in this fine courtroom scene shows a more theatric, yet true instinct, than the sudden move of the cold, broken-hearted Comtesse Chantavoine, Philip's supposed lady, to the side of the impassioned suppliant. The author has brought together a large and interesting group of characters in his Jersey tale of a hundred years ago. Besides Philip there are two other lovers

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of Guida, Détricand, soldier of fortune, and Ranulph Delagarde, a vigorous type of Jerseyman, both of whom contribute a good deal to the machinery of the story; the Duke of Bercy, a fierce old personage; certain *émigrés* like Du Champsavoys and De Mauprat, living in intimacy with their simple neighbours, but retaining an exquisite bearing that Mr. Parker knows well how to portray; and native folk, Jean Touzel the fisher and his stout, pathetic wife, Maîtresse Aimable, Ely Mattingley, the smuggler, half-witted Dormy Jamias, the girl Carterette and others who with their patois and peculiarities give local colour to the pages. In these novel inhabitants, as in charming natural descriptions, the author has shown that scrupulous eye for detail which distinguished all his novels. Compared with the long, easy stride forward of Mr. Weyman's work, *The Battle of the Strong* may seem to lack the repose of art; but the story, while not a breathless one, has some tense scenes, and is pervaded by a high character of sentiment. Mr. Parker deserves hearty congratulation on writing a romance that is a triumph over the prior efforts of his pen.

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE

IV.—Steiger's "Genesis of the New Drama."

Germany has ever been the classic land of the riddle of the sphinx; classic in the sense that the cultivated public at large, and not merely a few privileged minds, has been deeply stirred with the problem of life. Through all the best literature of the nation, even from its earliest beginnings, there is manifest a continual undercurrent of fatalistic pessimism, and Schopenhauer's famed negation of the Will to Live is but a suming up of the many bitter "nays" that have wrung themselves from the heart of the people, to the question: Is life worth the living? The question was fundamental in the great period of German literature of the last century, and the manner of its treatment determines the difference between Goethe and Schiller. It was likewise fundamental—only perhaps more consciously so—in the romantic movement that marked the passing of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century. Fr. Schlegel's broad historical criticism, his universal grasp of literature is the direct result of an endeavour to escape the negative principle, which he recognised as controlling individual life, and Kleist's poetry is the agonised effort to counteract his own harsh experiences with life, that "mysterious thing which we possess—we know not from whom; which leads us on—we know not whither; which is our possession—we know not whether we are its masters!"

German particularism and the striving for a national unification, scientific investigations and discoveries, industrial ventures and growth, together with the prominence of socialistic problems, all seem to have relegated the question of ethical manhood into the background during the century just about to close. And yet the student of the times sees in the very vigour of this pursuit of new problems the unrest due to a question unanswered. "How can a poet express reconciliation in his works when he himself is unreconciled with life?" exclaims Fr. Hebbel, the great German dramatist of the middle of the century. And the words are the keynote for the higher criticism of the nineteenth century literature.

Fr. Nietzsche with his affirmation resting upon negation and his later dithyrambic philosophy of life; modern naturalism, so-called, with its glorification of the instincts, are in Germany the answer of the last decade and a half to the scientific rationalism and the political or socialistic propaganda panaceas for the ills of life.

It is in this light that we have to regard a work published in the current year in Berlin,—Edgar Steiger's *The Genesis of the New Drama*. Written

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under the evident inspiration of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, it is a pæan of the coming man, the man of the twentieth century:

> See ye him descending over the mountains, the bringer of the new values by which we may measure all our deeds? Call him what ye list! But rejoice that he is again among us, the man of deeds, for whom ye all have waited!
>
> And now go forth, ye poets, forth into the German lands, and cast about ye for those who proclaim his coming, and seek out the fighters and the strong and the conquerors!
>
> Let us create men!

Steiger's presentation is so radically different from the conventional treatment of essential values in the drama, and, in a way, such an original attempt to represent the forces making toward the drama of the future and the harmonious interrelation of these forces to each other, and to the great longing of modern life, that one cannot read the book, whatever one's æsthetical creed, without a reawakened interest.

Rationalism has disrupted life; reason, in attempting to explain it, has destroyed the beautiful dream of sentiment, and the feeling subject finds a yawning gulf between itself and the object felt. The "I" has become "ME" through the rationalistic inquiry, and yet the real "I" can live only as long as it remains "I." Thus the riddle of life can never be solved by the reason, and the longing for the fullness of life remains forever unsatisfied—except through the æsthetical contemplation: that condition where the "I" is at once the "ME," the subject at once the object, where like in a dream we may both feel and see ourselves. Only in that buoyant sympathy with life which results from the full surrender to the effect of the moment, can we say with perfect right that life is truly ours. This is the triumph of the artist, and like the shepherd boy for his pipe, thus the artist reaches for his brush and pallet, his chisel and mallet, his quill and parchment—and the surging feeling of the supreme moment with all its sadness and joy bursts into expression, only to find its temporary separation into the "I" and the "THOU" resolved into a new union through the effect in the gazer or listener.

The purpose of art is to give expression to the joyous and the sad feelings; music is a direct appeal; sculpture, etc., an indirect appeal, in that the latter must first translate the effect into concepts analogous to the particular feelings before it can express it in space. But in painting, the colour-effect is like the effect of tone and tact in music. Still in conquering space, the plastic arts have sacrificed time, and the circle of the arts does not become complete until poesy steps in and overcomes both space and time. In poetry man first becomes conscious of himself, conscious that in him slumber all the creations of the arts and not merely these, not merely space and time in which they move, but HIMSELF also with all his thinking, feeling, willing.

Arts—musical, plastic, poetical: ego, non ego, ego—this is the three-beat of art. Poetry—lyric, epic, dramatic—this is the three-beat of poesy. Poetry closes the rhythmic circle of art, the drama does the same for poetry and is therefore the highest expression of life itself. In the drama the poet is subject and object at the same time, in that he projects himself into each of the living characters on the stage, and while feeling himself in each of these characters, he at the same moment from out of each character sees himself in the others: for every subject in the drama is object for the others.

And in all this it is nothing but the audible WORD that the artist presents as the expression of his inner life, and into it he breathes the living soul, which finds its corporeal body in the interpreting actor. Like in the notes of the music, there palpitates in the word the tremulous joy and sadness that the artistic surrender to the effect has aroused in the poet's soul, and the play of word against word, the flash of the dramatic dialogue mirrors the meeting of man with man: the struggle for existence. The world itself is spiritualised.

Such is the basis upon which Steiger builds his criticism of the contemporary drama. And is the time ripe for the answer to that unanswered question of the day? Steiger thinks it is. If the drama expresses the struggle for existence, surely no time could offer more inspiration than the present. And yet this is hardly enough to justify the hope. No time more full of struggle than that when Christianity pursued its world-conquering mission; no time more arduous,

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more freighted with the pain of strife than the period of the Reformation! And yet neither produced the drama. What then entitles us to look forward with confident expectation? The rhythmic development of art, is Steiger's reply. We have had the plastic in the art of Greece, the pictorial with its colour-effect in the Renaissance, the musical in the art of the passing eighteenth and the incoming nineteenth century, and thus step by step, the artistic expression of human longing has grown more spiritual, until there remains only the poetic to complete the circle. And are we prepared to deny that the poetic is asserting its sway, in the face of Boecklin's paintings, and the sculptures of a Max Klinger? Salome and Cassandra, what are these statues but marble—tragedies! Even in poetry itself the dramatic is pulsing in every heart-beat. The lyrics and epics of the day tell the story of the surging life-struggle within and without. Jubilant affirmation of life, that is the gospel of the modern of moderns; for the struggling proletariat's life-joy and life-longing is slowly but surely permeating poetry.

From Ibsen to Maeterlinck, we follow the writer through the modern drama of Germany, from the nightmare of Hauptmann's *Before Sunrise*, to the quivering dawn of his *Sunken Bell*, only to meet wherever we turn the shepherd boy with his pipe.

That such a work as *The Genesis of the New Drama* should be possible, that it should be offered to the public as seekers for the higher value of life in art, that in itself is a proof of the bitter-sweet longing of the German people. To this dramaturgy one might apply the words of Henry in Hauptmann's *Sunken Bell:*

It sings a song long lost and long forgotten,
A song of home, a song of childhood's love,
From deepest wonderfable-bourne collected,

at least so far as it is an attempt to lead toward that poetic appreciation in which Steiger seeks the lost harmony of life.

J. F. Coar.

ANSWER TO THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR

Live in To-day, thou say'st?—Shall we enthrall
Ourselves to Nothing! Nay, live in the All,
  The Past and Future—these are infinite.
What is To-day? 'Tis infinitely small.

Between the two Eternities, To-day
Is but a pulse-beat; if thou e'er couldst say
  Unto the moment: "Thou art fair—oh stay!"
Before thy charm were spoken, 'tis away.

But all the Past is ours—rich, wisdom-fraught
With all the seers have seen, the sages taught.
  Live in the Past! and thou shalt think and feel
All that the noblest, best, have felt and thought.

The Future, too, is ours—our working-plot,
Our unexhausted heritage and lot.
  And can it never be exhausted?—That
Is not our care. Trust God, work on, fear not.

"But" (say'st thou) "soon I pass beneath the sod,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans End." Perhaps. The clod,
  Thy insignificant *self*—what matters that!
Our work lasts, God lasts. Then work on, trust God.

Curtis Hidden Page.

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A NEW HUMOURIST*

There is a wide difference between a genuine humourist and what Americans commonly speak of as a "funny man." The Funny Man comes and goes. He and his fun are as ephemeral as the publications with which they are associated. He happens for the moment to open up a vein which affords the public a sensation of amusement. He discovers a sort of formula by working which he tickles for awhile the national sense of humour and then he becomes tiresome, and both he and what he writes are utterly forgotten. One has to be something of a journalistic antiquarian to have any personal recollection to-day of the Danbury News Man, and it requires a stretch of memory to recall even the name of the Detroit Free Press Man and the Burlington Hawkeye Man; while the writer of the once famous fourth-column in the *New York Times*, who was temporarily enrolled among our successful newspaper humourists, has turned to better things and has probably himself forgotten the work that he did in the direction of alleged humorous writing. The humour of all these persons was, at its best, a mechanical thing; it depended for its effects upon some trick of style, upon some unexpected manner of producing contrasts, upon its general irreverence, or upon its artful use of slang. To take down now in cold blood any of these productions and to read them over is a sorrowful and depressing task. They all appear so utterly flat, insipid, and unmeaning.

True humour as distinguished from this spurious variety is, however, one of the most vital things in literature and in life; for genuine humour is allied with a number of very rare and very special qualities. It lies at the base of a true sense of proportion, and it involves discrimination, perspective, sympathy, and insight, while it is joined inevitably to pathos and deep feeling. We had begun to think of the race of American humourists as becoming extinct, and of all the springs of fresh and vigorous fun as having been thoroughly worked out. Yet any generalisation such as this must necessarily be falsified so long as there is such a thing in the world as human nature and so long as life itself presents to the observer its chequered web of tragedy and comedy. The person who has a keen sense of fun, a certain mellowness of feeling, and a strain of philosophical appreciation for what he sees about him, can never lack material for humorous delineation; and if he only have the touch of genius that can make even the commonplace events of life significant and vital, then he may be always sure, not only of an audience, but of a permanent place in the records of good literature.

In the volume before us we recognise with the greatest pleasure all the qualities that we have mentioned. Mr. F. P. Dunne, who very modestly refrains from placing his name upon the title-page, has collected here a number of papers containing the reflections and observations of Mr. Dooley; and we think that Mr. Dooley is a person who will live for a long time in the memories of those who read his words of wisdom as recorded by the pen of Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dooley is a Chicago Irishman past middle age, who lives in the Archey Road, where he presides over a small "saloon." He left Ireland when young, and he has witnessed from his eyrie the events of the world's history and has thought about them deeply and is always ready to impart his impressions of them to his sympathetic friend and comrade, Mr. Hennessy, and to answer the searching questions of his other neighbour, Mr. McKenna. Mr. Dooley is a type. He has all an Irishman's shrewdness, an Irishman's combativeness, an Irishman's independence, an Irishman's underlying appreciation of courage and loyalty, and also an Irishman's keen wit and picturesque phraseology, with that inevitable genius for blundering that is also Irish. He is as individual as Mulvaney, and his philosophy is broader and has to do with a wider field. In reading his short conversations as recorded for us by Mr. Dunne, it is quite impossible for the

*Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By F. P. Dunne. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.

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most serious-minded man to refrain from laughter, and there is much more here than wit and humour only. There is an underlying truth of characterisation, an indomitable common-sense and shrewdness that, under all the comicality and farcical exaggeration, strike right home to the reason and reveal at a flash the very root and heart of the matter which is before the mind. To read Mr. Dooley is to get a peep into the universal consciousness of mankind, to come into close touch with clear-sighted reasonableness, wrapped up but not concealed by a hundred whimsical exaggerations.

What gave to Mr. Dooley his national reputation was his comments on the occurrences of the late war, for these were widely copied by newspaper after newspaper throughout the country; yet we are really more impressed with some of his discourses on matters that are always interesting and always in men's minds. For example, in his disquisition on the New Woman, there is embodied an immense amount of practical good sense. It appears that Mr. Dooley had a friend named Donahue, whose wife Molly had acquired some popular ideas about the proper place of woman in the scheme of things. She took to riding the bicycle; she thought she ought to vote; she wore bloomers; she told Donahue that there should be no such thing as giving a girl in marriage to a clown and making her dependent on his whims. For the benefit of Donahue she defined the New Woman as being one who should work out her own way without help or hindrance, who would earn her own living and be no man's slave; in fact, she was quite an Irish Mrs. Stetson. All this greatly troubled Donahue, and after a while, having given the matter serious thought, he made up his mind to settle this matter once for all.

The nex' mornin' Mrs. Donahue an' Mollie come to his dure. "Get up," says Mrs. Donahue, "an' bring in some coal," she says. "Ye drowsy man, ye'll be late f'r ye'er wurruk." "Divvle th' bit iv coal I'll fetch," says Donahue. "Go way an' lave me alone," he says. "Ye're inthruptin' me dreams." "What ails ye, man alive?" says Mrs. Donahue. "Get up." "Go away," says Donahue, "an' lave me slumber," he says. "Th' idee iv a couple iv big strong women like you makin' me wurruk f'r ye," he says. "Mollie 'll bring in th' coal," he says. "An' as f'r you, Honoria, ye'd best see what there is in th' cupboard an' put it in ye'er dinner-pail," he says. "I heerd th' first whistle blow a minyit ago," he says; "an' ther's a pile iv slag at th' mills that has to be wheeled off befure th' sup'rintindint comes around," he says. "Ye know ye can't afford to lose ye'er job with me in this dilicate condition," he says. "I'm going to sleep now," he says. "An', Mollie, do ye bring me in a cup iv cocoa an' a pooched igg at tin," he says. "I ixpect me music-teacher about that time. We have to take a wallop out iv Wagner an' Bootoven befure noon." "The Lord save us fr'm harm!" says Mrs. Donahue. "Th' man's clean crazy." "Divvle's th' bit," says Donahue, wavin' his red flannel undhershirt in th' air. "I'm the New Man," he says. Well, sir, Donahue said it flured thim complete. They didn't know what to say. Mollie was game, an' she fetched in th' coal; but Mrs. Donahue got nervous as eight o'clock come around. "Ye're not goin' to stay in bed all day an' lose ye'er job," she says. "The 'ell with me job," says Donahue. "I'm not th' man to take wurruk whin they'se industhrees women with nawthin' to do," he says. "Show me th' pa-apers," he says. "I want to see where I can get an eighty-cint bonnet f'r two-and-a-half." He's that stubborn he'd 've stayed in bed all day, but th' good woman weakened. "Come," she says, "don't be foolish," she says. "Ye wudden't have th' ol' woman wurrukin' in th' mills," she says. "'Twas all a joke," she says. "Oh-ho, th' ol' woman," he says. "Th' *ol'* woman. Well, that's a horse iv another color," he says. "An' I don't mind tellin' ye th' mills is closed down to-day, Honoria." So he dhressed himself an' wint out; an' says he to Mollie, he says: "Miss Newwoman," says he, "ye may find wurruk enough around th' house," he says. "An' if ye have time, ye might paint th' stoop," he says. "Th' ol' man is goin' to take th' ol' woman down be Halsted Sthreet an' blow himself f'r a new shawl f'r her."

The most amusing thing in the whole book is to be found in Mr. Dooley's description of some expert evidence given in a murder trial. It is both amusing and it is also a very fair exposition of the absurdity of our judicial system. A medical professor is put upon the stand and is examined by the lawyers:

"Prifissor," says th' lawyer f'r th' State, "I put it to ye if a wooden vat three hundherd an' sixty feet long, twenty-eight feet deep, an' sivinty-five feet wide, an' if three hundhred pounds iv caustic soda boiled, an' if th' leg iv a guinea pig, an' ye said yestherdah about bicarbonate iv soda, an' if it washes up an' washes over, an' th' slimy, slippery stuff, an' if a false tooth or a lock iv hair or a jawbone or a goluf ball across th' cellar eleven feet nine inches—that is, two inches this way an' five gallons that?" "I agree with ye intirely," says th' profissor. "I made lab'ratory experiments in an ir'n basin, with bichloride iv gool, which I will call soup-stock, an' coal-tar, which I will call ir'n filings. I mixed th'

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two over a hot fire, an' left it in a cool place to harden. I thin packed it in ice, which I will call glue, an' rock-salt, which I will call fried eggs, an' obtained a dark, queer solution that is a cure f'r freckles, which I will call antimony or doughnuts or anything I blamed please."

"But," says th' lawyer f'r th' State, "measurin' th' vat with gas—an' I lave it to ye whether this is not th' on'y fair test—an' supposin' that two feet acrost is akel to tin feet sideways, an' supposin' that a thick green an' hard substance, an' I daresay it wud; an' supposin' you may, takin' into account th' measuremints—twelve be eight—th' vat bein' wound with twine six inches fr'm th' handle an' rub iv th' green, thin ar-re not human teeth often found in counthry sausage?" "In th' winter," says the Profissor. "But th' sisymoid bone is sometimes seen in th' fut, sometimes worn as a watch-charm. I took two sisymoid bones, which I will call poker dice, an' shook thim together in a cylinder, which I will call Fido, poored in a can iv milk, which I will call gum arabic, took two pounds iv rough on rats, which I rayfuse to call; but th' raysult is th' same." Question be th' coort: "Different?" Answer: "Yis!" Th' coort: "Th' same." Be Misthur McEwen: "Whose bones?" Answer: "Yis." Be Misthur Vincent: "Will ye go to th' divvle?" Answer: "It dissolves th' hair."

A great deal of abstruse philosophical speculation is written and published in these days with regard to Anglo-Saxon superiority. Books have been written on the subject, both by Englishmen and by Frenchmen, but Mr. Dooley in a few paragraphs has put his finger on the secret of the whole thing. We should like to quote the whole discourse, but must content ourselves with a few inadequate extracts:

'Tis unforch'nit, but 'tis thrue. Th' Fr-rinch ar-re not steady eyethur in their politics or their morals. That's where they get done be th' hated British. Th' diff'rence in furrin' politics is the diff'rence between a second-rate safe blower and a first-class boonco steerer. Th' Fr-rinch buy a ton iv dinnymite, spind five years in dhrillin' a hole through a steel dure, blow up th' safe, lose a leg or an ar-rm, an' get away with th' li'bilities iv th' firm. Th' English dhress up f'r a Methodist preacher, stick a piece iv lead pipe in th' tails iv their coat in case iv emargency, an' get all th' money there is in th' line.

In th' front dure comes th' Englishman with a coon king on eyether ar-rm that's jus' loaned him their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note, and discovers th' Fr-rinchman emargin' frim th' roons iv th' safe. "What ar-re ye doin' here?" says th' Englishman. "Robbin' th' naygurs," says th' Fr-rinchman, bein' thruthful as well as polite. "Wicked man!" says th' Englishman. "What ar-re ye doin' here?" says the Fr-rinchman. "Improvin' th' morals iv th' inhabitants," says th' Englishman. . . . . These pore, benighted savidges," he says, "'ll not be left to yer odjious morals an' yer hootchy-kootchy school iv thought," he says, "but," he says, "undher th' binif'cint r-rule iv a wise an' thrue goven'mint," he says, "'ll be thurly prepared f'r hivin," he says, "whin their times comes to go," he says, "which I thrust will not be long," he says. "So I'll thank ye to be off," he says, "or I'll take th' thick end iv th' slung-shot to ye," he says.

The Fr-rinchman is a br-rave man, an' he'd stay an' have it out on th' flure; but some wan calls, "Abase th' Chinnymen," an' off he goes on another thrack. An', whin he gets to th' Chinnymen, he finds th' English 've abased thim already. An' so he dances fr'm wan par-rt th' wurruld to another like a riochous an' happy flea, an' divvle th' bit iv progress he makes, on'y thrubble f'r others an' a merry life f'r himsilf.

We wish that we could quote Mr. Dooley's acute observations on books, and also, as an illustration of his more serious moods, what he has to say on the necessity of modesty among the rich. This last shows a certain dramatic power and an undercurrent of pathos that appeal to us very strongly, but after all the best thing that we can do is to advise every one who reads these lines to procure the book for himself and thus to get a first-hand enjoyment of a volume that is full of wit and humour and real philosophy which rank their possessor among those humourists who have really made a genuine contribution to permanent literature. We have found nothing else this season which bears so unmistakably the marks of freshness, originality, and real genius.

H. T. P.

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LITERARY LONDON

We are in the very thick of the Christmas season, and upon the whole it is a very good season indeed. Books of all classes are selling freely, and in spite of the pessimists it would seem that the booksellers are yet to survive. I cannot mention more than a few outstanding works. The Bismarck memoirs have not done so well as the more personal book of Dr. Moritz Busch, but several thousands have been disposed of. They make hard but valuable reading, and are indispensable to complete political libraries. Another literary book which has done very well is Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. There are signs that Mr. Lee's positions will not be unanimously accepted, but on the whole his book takes a place of its own, and will add to his already high reputation. Mr. Crawford's book on Rome, though it has been somewhat severely criticised, is selling very well as it was bound to do. Speaking of novels, one marks the growing popularity of Rudyard Kipling. The sales of *The Day's Work* go on increasing rapidly. It is generally allowed, however, that the book is far below the level of his early productions. What the sales mean is that the English public is now fully aware of Rudyard Kipling, and thinks it is the thing to read him. Ian Maclaren's *Afterwards* has had an excellent sale, and this fact taken along with the great circulation of Mr. Crockett's *Red Axe*, shows that the Scottish school still flourishes in spite of its many ill-wishers. There are many biographies, the most notable being *The Life of Professor Drummond*, by George Adam Smith. It is doing even better than was expected. Professor Smith, whose great literary power is well known, has suppressed himself very much in this book, and given as fully as possible the remains which Professor Drummond left behind him. They are of less value than might have been supposed. Drummond was not a letter writer, nor did he keep an elaborate journal, but to the multitudes who knew his work, the biography will be full of interest, and it tells us as much as we shall ever know of a singularly gracious, but singularly retiring personality. *The Life of Dr. Dale* of Birmingham, by his son, has also been very well taken up, and is full of valuable material presented with great reserve. *Aylwin* sells more rapidly than ever, and bids fair to attain large figures. The most notable books of poetry are a new volume by Mr. John Davidson, and a series of collected poems by Mr. William Watson. Both have been favourably received, but Mr. Kipling is the only one of our poets who has a very large public. Altogether the outlook is favourable and encouraging. I have not yet seen Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems, but I am told on good authority that he has taken more interest in them than in any of his novels, and there can be no doubt that they will be found individual and characteristic in a high degree.

We have to deplore the loss of Mr. William Black, who was as popular on your side as he was on ours. Mr. Black was only fifty-seven when he died, but he had been a long time before the public, and his vogue was perceptibly declining. The fate of a novelist in these days if he begin young is very pathetic. He is almost sure to outlive, not his productivity, but his popularity, and this is not easy to bear. We have had striking examples of this in Mrs. Oliphant, James Payn and William Black. Mrs. Oliphant was thoroughly weary of her life. She died in harness, but she died willingly and even joyfully. I suppose at the end of her day she was writing as well as she had ever done, but the public knew her style and were tired of it. The same is true and even more true of James Payn, and it was true, though to a less extent, in the case of William Black, who died some years younger than either of the others. Perhaps William Black has not had sufficient justice done to him for his part in making Scotland and its beauties known to the world. He certainly sent more tourists there than any other novelist, but he was far more successful in describing Scottish scenery than in interpreting Scottish character, and it may be doubted whether any of his books will live. In Sheila he has drawn a picture of shy, elusive

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beauty. Mr. Black was most industrious and most conscientious. He had a real touch of poetry shown in the beautiful Meinie series, and his whole thought was pure and ennobling. As a man he was exceedingly amiable, and in his journalistic relations he was much beloved, being always friendly, encouraging and helpful. I am afraid that the success of the new school of Scottish novelists somewhat overshadowed him. Had he seen the reason for this success, we believe that he would never have grudged it for a moment, but he did not admit the superiority of the new men, and of course the question is one which cannot be decided now. Perhaps it was best that he died when he did, for there was no chance of his ever striking a new vein. When a man has written thirty or forty novels he has written enough; but if he possibly can, he should take care to spread them over at least thirty or forty years, even though he has to live in a smaller house and deny himself extravagant holidays. Mr. Black lived mostly at Brighton, and kept apart from the literary life of London.

There is great talk among us now of the schemes floated by Messrs. Harmsworth and Pearson for providing the hundred best books at a reduced price. Messrs. Harmsworth are working their scheme through the *Daily Mail*, which has advanced in popularity, and now has an unprecedented sale. They have so far been very successful. The books they publish are those originally issued by the Messrs. Routledge, while the Messrs. Pearson are issuing the Chandos Classics. It is objected by many, first, that the books chosen are too difficult for the average reader, and next that the booksellers will suffer. I do not agree. It is a great thing to lodge in a home a hundred of the world's best books. Nobody knows what young eyes may read any of them, and what the issues may be. Besides if there are a hundred books in a house, there will soon be more. Any one who buys the hundred best books will have a better library by far than the average Englishman possesses. The books will be much better read than free library books, because people desire to get their money's worth, and I have no doubt that booksellers and publishers will ultimately be much benefited by the transaction. The circulation of the cheap periodicals issued by Messrs. Harmsworth and Pearson has perhaps not made for the best kind of reading, and it is an atonement that they should perform this public service.

It is announced that *Harmsworth's Magazine* at threepence half-penny has not yet paid, though the sales have been enormous. It is somewhat difficult to make out from the figures of the report what the loss has been, but of course much of it should be treated as invested capital—capital which will soon be made up if the periodical proves successful. Mr. Pearson makes the remarkable statement that a circulation of a million does not pay, but a circulation of five hundred thousand does pay. The meaning is that advertisers cannot be induced to pay more than a certain sum. I still venture to doubt whether this threepenny magazine movement is commercially sound. But time will show. Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Harmsworth in his magnificent new building erected for the *Daily Mail*. He has a room of his own which is probably the finest editorial room in the world, certainly the best in England. There are a hundred and forty men at work in the building, and every detail of his multifarious labour is overseen by Mr. Harmsworth himself. He looks in good health and heart in spite of it all.

I am very sorry to hear that there is little prospect of the recovery of Dr. George MacDonald. He has been removed to his old home in Bordighera. The journey was accomplished without much undue fatigue, but Dr. MacDonald did not know where he was when taken within his own walls. He showed pleasure, however, at hearing an organ playing in an adjoining room and said, "Take me where that comes from." He is quite peaceful, and surrounded by the affectionate care of his wife and daughter. Probably the last story he will ever write was published in the Christmas number of the *Sketch*.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

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LITERARY PARIS

It was hardly to be expected that the membership of the French Academy should long remain complete. It was reduced by one on January 4th, when Edouard Hervé died. He was far from being one of the oldest among the Immortals, being not yet sixty-four years of age. His fame, such as it was, he gained as a journalist; but his election had been due to social influence, as much at least as to his merits as a writer. He was the editor of *Le Soleil*, and the confidential friend of the late Comte de Paris. Present appearances point to Emile Faguet as his most likely successor. He will be spoken of, and well spoken of, when his successor is received in the Academy, and very likely never again after that.

A more serious loss was suffered by literature in the death of George Rodenbach. Rodenbach was still young, only forty-three; he had a truly poetical nature. His words were sincere. His whole being had been moulded, as it were, by his native place, the old Belgian city of Bruges. He was more intelligible to the general public than his countryman, Maeterlinck. His suggestive and poetical drama, *Le Voile*, had been very well received at the Théâtre Français. Much was expected of him, and his death is severely mourned by many.

Those who mourned Verlaine will have now the satisfaction of seeing him in a place of honor. His portrait, painted by Edouard Chantalat, and given by him to Sully-Prudhomme, Hèrèdia, and other men of letters, has been by them offered to and has been accepted by the Musée du Luxembourg, and this makes it almost certain that it will be some day in the Louvre. Pauvre Lélian! He never dreamed of such glory for himself.

While I am writing of poets I may just mention that my old friend, Eugène Manuel, has recently collected all his poems in a handy two-volume edition. Many familiar friends will be found conveniently located there.

The old poets of France also are now coming before the public in a new garb. Gaston Paris issues a modernised version of *Huon de Bordeaux*, which is unquestionably the most beautiful of the French holiday books of this year. The publisher, Firmin Didot, has done all he could to make the volume itself, as regards paper, printing, illustrations, etc., worthy of the text, and we may expect that Oberon and Esclarmonde will be familiar figures soon in many a circle where their names had been hardly known heretofore.

The *Chanson de Roland* also will soon be within the reach of all, whether they know Old French or not. The adapter this time is not a philologist, but a poet. The modern rendering is by Maurice Bouchor, who has adopted for his work a very ingenious stanza, reproducing a good deal of the rough music of the eleventh century original. Some of these stanzas have been published by the *Revue Hebdomadaire*.

Just now France has been honouring a dead poet of this century, who was not a Frenchman, but who was adopted by France when Paris was the home of the most brilliant representatives of oppressed nationalities. I refer to the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, who was born in 1798. He held for a while a professorship, created especially for him, in the Collège de France, the professorship of Slavonic Literatures. He was there the colleague and friend of Michelet, of Quinet, of all the idealistic liberals and democrats of fifty years ago.

We are to have two other literary centennials or bicentennials this year, one for Racine, who died two hundred years ago, the other for Balzac, who was born in 1799. I may just also mention that Berlioz, who was not simply an admirable musician, but also a very clever writer, has just had the anniversary of his birth, but not yet the one hundredth, celebrated, by the one hundredth performance, at the Colonne Concerts, of his Damnation of Faust, and the celebration brought forth in *Le Temps* an article by the oldest survivor of Berlioz's literary generation, Academician Ernest Legouvé, who is now very nearly ninety-two years old!

That living poets have their uses, even for their families, was recently demon-

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strated in a rather interesting way. Eugène Rostand, the father of the author of *Cyrano*, has just been elected a member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The new academician possesses a deserved reputation as a practical philanthropist and a writer on social questions; but very few will believe that his son's success had nothing to do with his election, and that the father's entrance into one of the academies of the Institut de France was not intended as a preface to the son's admission into another.

The month has not brought out many new books of importance. The holiday season is seldom a great one from a literary point of view. Still I have to mention a few interesting productions. André Laurie (one of the *pseudonymes* of Paschal Grousset) gives us a book on an American subject: *L'Oncle de Chicago*. It deals with student life, and will teach French boys a good many things which they don't know; American boys, too, perhaps. Paul Ginisty, the manager of the Odéon Theatre, publishes a very amusing book, full of theatrical anecdotes, *La Vie d'un Théâtre*. Henri Avenel is out with one of his admirably accurate statistical books, *Le Nouveau Ministère et la Nouvelle Chambre*. To Professor E. Denis, of the University of Paris, we owe a very good book on the history of Germany, *L'Allemagne de* 1810 *à* 1852, to be followed by another volume treating of a more recent period. We have also a charming volume of eighteenth century letters, *Les Lettres de l'Abbé Morellet à Lord Shelburne*. (Here I beg my readers to remember that the pronunciation of Morellet's name is the same as that of the French words *Mordsles*, a nickname that he had received from Voltaire.) But the greatest literary success of the month does not belong to a book. It was scored by the number of the political weekly *Le Rire*, in which Emperor William II. is supposed to give us the narrative of his Eastern trip. Both text and illustrations are full of biting wit and sarcasm. They are decidedly free, and contain ground for enough *lèse-majesté* prosecutions to send a whole trainful of journalists o jail. Fortunately for themselves, the two authors, Pierre and Jean Weber, live in France and not in Germany. The two brothers are about as unlike each other as it is possible for two brothers to be. Jean, the artist, has a dreamy look and does not seem to see what goes on about him. What a deceptive look, though! In reality nothing escapes him. Pierre, the littérateur, looks like a remarkably elegant and good-natured man of the world, which does not prevent his being one of the most merciless satirists of an age which does not seem especially remarkable for its intellectual leniency.

Of forthcoming books the most eagerly awaited seems to be the second volume of Henri Houssaye's "1815." It will be devoted to the Waterloo campaign. It is not likely to be less full of life and patriotic fervour than the two volumes on 1814 and 1815 which have preceded it.

The stage has given us nothing to be compared with what December, '98, gave us; that was the Cyrano month. Donnay scored a success at the Vaudeville with his *Georgette Lemonorier*. The success seems due mainly to the wit of the dialogue, and to Réjane's acting. Brieux tried to emulate Lavedan with two plays within a few days of each others. But Lavedan's plays were two great successes. The same cannot be said of *Résultat des Courses* and *Le Berceau*, two *succès d'estime*, the former at Antoine's theatre, the other at the Théâtre Français. In the latter, Brieux opens an attack against divorce, at least when there are children. It seems, moreover, as though there was in French society a reaction against the ease with which marriages have been dissolved in the last few years. The courts have refused to divorce Paul Margueritte, one of the authors of *Le Désastre*, from his wife. Few doubt that two years ago he would have been successful in his application.

To return to *Le Berceau*, Brieux has had it published in the Christmas number of *L'Illustration*. He was evidently afraid of losing his royalties in America, like Rostand, for at the bottom of the first page I read: "Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1899, by Brieux in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington." I am afraid that this time it will be *la précaution inutile*.

Two other plays which have been on the boards for quite a while, have just

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been published—Bisson's exhilarating *Contrôleur des Wagons-liss*, and Pierre Decourcelle's *Les Deux Gosses*, the melodrama whose popularity rivalled that of the *Two Orphans*.

I just mentioned Paul Margueritte's legal troubles. Another writer is also at odds with Dame Justice—Gyp, alias *La Comtesse de Martel*. In her amusing *Journal d'un Grinchu*, she represented ex-Minister Trarieux as having changed his religion in order to marry a rich woman. It was a libel, and the slandered statesman got against her a judgment for five thousand francs damages. Madame Paulmier, who shot and nearly killed one journalist when she was hunting for another, has been acquitted, but will have to pay 15,000 francs to her unwilling target. Of course these latter affairs grew out of the interminable *Affaire*. When shall we be rid of it?

And, oh! I forgot to mention the most important of all imaginable books for bookmen. If you want to know how to write a novel, a play, a book of moral observations, in fact a literary work of any kind, well, only procure a copy of M. De Wogan's *Manuel des Gens de Lettres*. You will find everything about it there. But then why has M. de Wogan not written himself great plays, novels, etc.? But that is another story.

Adolphe Cohn.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

A well-known firm of booksellers, Hatchards of Piccadilly, issue a rather striking catalogue called *Books of To-day and Books of To-Morrow*. I find therein certain instructions for the guidance of those who desire to accumulate a library. The first "instruction" is a canny one for a bookseller to propound. It runs as follows:—"Sell the books you do not want, and with the proceeds make your library up to date." Others I need not state here. Messrs. Hatchards' catalogue is free to all, but some way down I find the advice:—"Place a book-plate or book-label in all your books." These seem to me somewhat contradictory counsels. If I decorate my books with a charming book-plate by Mr. Walter Crane, or a humorous book-plate by Mr. Phil May, as I am happily able to do, will not the bookseller to whom I take my second-hand treasures assuredly look askance at me?

*

It is certainly necessary to part with books sometimes, although of course one should not part with any books of biography, history, and travels—even when one thinks that one has quite done with them. Nothing is more certain than that you will speedily want the very book to refer to. But in these days of luxurious editions and of skilful editing of the classics one is bewildered at times between rival affections. Here on my shelves are the eight volumes of Mr. Murray's edition of Gibbon, with notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Sir William Smith. That book has been in my possession these ten years, and Mr. Zaehnsdorf has bound it for me in levant morocco. I cannot find it in my heart to part with it. It is true that Professor Bury's edition of Gibbon now being published by the Messrs. Methuen in a measures supersedes it, containing as it does the latest researches of scholarship. Still I love those notes by Dean Milman, and must be content even in my limited book-room to place the two Gibbons side by side. But suppose Mr. Murray should decide to reissue Gibbon—and the type even of my copy has a battered appearance—and should determine to give us not only the present notes, but notes by some latter-day scholar, I should have either to be content to possess three editions of Gibbon or I must needs carry that levant morocco set to the booksellers.

Not only is there a certain anguish in parting from a book that has served one well, that one has perhaps marked and indexed—for surely the most useful indexing is that done simply with a pencil on the fly-leaf—but the transaction is commercially so unprofitable unless you are an expert collector. For example, I purchased as they appeared the forty volumes of the Cambridge Shakespeare. They cost me six shilling each, and the whole set therefore was worth, or should

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have been worth, twelve pounds. When Mr. Dent came along with those handy little volumes of his—the Temple Shakespeare—with the same text as the Cambridge Shakespeare, I sent those forty volumes, occupying space that I could ill spare, to the bookseller, and received four pounds for them! An accident like this does not often happen. I am almost certain to be safe with the new Tennyson for which I have subscribed. There are to be twelve volumes, and two of them, containing a portion of the second Lord Tennyson's life of his father, are before me. This is a book that should kill all other modern editions of Tennyson for the bibliophile.

The agreeable writer who has recently published the *Pages from a Private Diary*—a book that has given me a great deal of pleasure—calls attention to a misprint in Mr. Dent's edition of Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, a full stop being used in the middle of the description of Sir Walter Elliot and the Baronetage:—"There any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt. As he turned over the almost endless creations of last century. . . ." Of course it should be:—"Any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs changed naturally into pity and contempt as he turned over the almost endless creations of last century. . . ." Attention has been called to this misprint more than once before, but it is repeated, alas, in the re-issue of Mr. Dent's edition, and also in the very handsome Winchester Edition that we owe to Mr. Grant Richards. It is correctly given in Mr. Bentley's edition. It is, no doubt, very virtuous of publishers to go to early editions of authors, and to respect the sacred text, but it is quite inexcusable for them to perpetuate errors which are not the authors', but those of some printer who has unhappily never ceased from troubling.

An interesting case of this kind is afforded by the new edition of Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, which Mr. Edmund Downey has given us. The edition is a most praiseworthy one. This grim romance by Emily Brontë, that has held well-nigh speechless all the best men and women of two generations, glories in far more handsome type than any of its rivals. The story, it will be remembered, was altered in certain small points by Charlotte Brontë when she republished it after her sister's death, because she feared that the Yorkshire country dialect would militate against the popularity of the book in other parts of England. Miss Brontë also made certain other small changes. The editor of the new edition had, it seems to me, two courses open to him. He could have printed the book for the first edition word for word, excepting, of course, printer's errors, which are made unusually obvious to me because I am the happy possessor of Emily Brontë's own copy of *Wuthering Heights*, with her marginal corrections. An editor might, on the other hand, have followed the edition now current. Mr. Temple Scott, who is the editor in question, has, however, done neither of these things. He has, he tells us, "reverted to the original so far as concerns Joseph's quaint talk; but I have kept the rest of the text as it left the kindly care of the elder sister." That is to say, this edition is neither Emily's edition nor Charlotte's. It is Mr. Temple Scott's. I hope that in one of the editions now said to be "in preparation"—the one that is to come from Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, or that which is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—we shall have Emily Brontë's novel as Emily Brontë gave it to the world.

The dialect of Joseph, indeed, which Charlotte Brontë feared would be unintelligible out of Yorkshire, may not be counted over-intelligible when translated. It may be worth while to take one sentence—the first introduction of the servant:—

"Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn."

EMILY'S VERSION.

"What are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maisters dahn i' t' fowld. Goa rahnd by th' end ut' laith, if yah want tuh spake tull him."

CHARLOTTE'S VERSION.

"What are ye for?" he shouted. "T' maister's down i' t' fowld. Go round by th' end o' t' laith, if want to spake to him."

Mr. Scott's version approximates to Emily's. He follows Charlotte, however, in "to spake" and "maister's."

Clement Shorter.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

The little hint given by us last month, to the effect that our correspondence was falling off, has brought us in so large a batch of letters as to assure a Letter-Box every month from now until summer time. This shows how much influence we have with our readers and how glad they are to comply with our lightest wish. We thank them, and turn to the consideration of their letters.

I.

The first document to arrive was a postal card written on New Year's Day, containing three questions which we take up in their order.

(1) What do you mean by a "postal card sort of style"?

We mean a style that is somewhat autoschediastic.

(2) Do you always try to be bright in your answers to correspondents, and do you think that you always succeed?

No, we do not try to be bright, and therefore there is no question as to whether we succeed; for success or failure can occur only when there is conscious effort. We think that the interest of the Letter-Box lies, not in our answers, but in the variegated and sometimes diabolical ingenuity displayed by our correspondents in their attempts to tangle us up.

(3) You recently reviewed a book, *Sons and Fathers*, which was published a year ago. Do you call that prompt reviewing?

No, we should not call that prompt reviewing, but as a matter of fact, the book in question was received by us last spring and reviewed in our June number. We are sorry that we cannot pay the author the compliment of having spent a whole year mulling over his book before making up our mind as to what we ought to say about it.

II.

Here is a terse, pointed letter, the writer of which is displeased with us about something or other. He doesn't say so, but we know that he is from the manner in which he slaps his ideas into words:

You seem to think that you are very smart, and you have an answer for every question. I wonder what you will say to this: Would you be willing to admit that you are fallible?

Oh, yes. Sporadically fallible.

III.

And here is another question that is like unto the preceding:

Suppose some one were to ask you a question that you couldn't answer, what would you say?

Why, naturally, we should say that we couldn't answer it. What did you suppose?

IV.

A lady writing from Norris Street, Philadelphia, mentions a review of ours concerning Mrs. Stetson's cook-stove poetry, which was printed in THE BOOKMAN last September. The lady who lives in Norris Street, Philadelphia, requests us to prove the correctness of several of the statements made by us in that review, as follows:

(1) That it costs less to be neat than to be slovenly.
(2) That it is really just as easy to cook food in an artistic way (without help) as it is to cook it like a savage.

We don't see how we are going to prove either of these statements on paper; but if the lady who lives in Norris Street, Philadelphia, doubts the first one, perhaps she will present a counter-argument that it costs less to be slovenly than to be neat. As to the second remark we could only back it up by opening a cooking school and asking the lady who lives in Norris Street, Philadelphia, to come and witness a demonstration.

The lady adds, as a sort of rider, the following question:

Do not "greasy stews" and "slimy hashes" serve a very salutary purpose when they make a man appreciate artistic cookery?

Possibly, provided that he subsequently gets the artistic cookery to appreciate.

V.

Miss Mary Jameson Judah writes us to complain that in the last number of THE BOOKMAN (page 298) her name was printed Mary *P.* Judah. We apologise.

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VI.

Several persons have written to call attention to a sentence of ours which appeared in the last number of the Letter-Box. We give precedence to Miss Carolyn Wells, because we are so glad to hear from her again after her long epistolary silence. She clips out the sentence in question, and sends it to us. Here it is:

When a person publishes a book and sends it to us for review he probably wishes to know what we think of it, and we are always distinguished by a cheerful willingness to do so.

Miss Wells naturally asks whether this sentence is correct English. We answer that it is not,—that it is abominable English. In fact, it is the worst sentence that we ever wrote. If any one else had written it we should not have allowed it to appear in THE BOOKMAN. We are going to frame it presently, and hang it up in our office as an awful example to casual contributors who drop in.

VII.

A gentleman in Topeka, Kansas, sends the following inquiry.

I once read somewhere of a letter supposed to have been written to Christ by some foreign king, and to have been answered; and I think also that I read that what purport to be the letter and the answer are still in existence. Can you give me any information on the subject?

Our correspondent probably refers to a Mesopotamian prince whose name is variously given as Abgarus, Acbarus, and Augarus; and the letters are the letters found by Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, and translated by him from the Syriac. They may be read in an English version in McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, under the title "Abgarus."

VIII.

Miss Flora MacIvor has a number of questions to propound.

(1) In reading aloud at sight, why, when one comes upon a split infinitive, does one invariably and involuntarily pronounce the preposition as if rhymed with "go" and "slow"?

One doesn't.

(2) Why is my first name misspelt in THE BOOKMAN advertiser?

We haven't the slightest idea.

(3) Have you observed that the domestic animals which are not eaten are, psychically, more highly developed than those which are used as food?

We have cogitated over this question some time, and having been born in New England we think best to answer it by asking another. Does not Miss MacIvor think it very curious that a black-faced cow, when grazing at seven P. M. in the month of July, always turns her tail toward the setting sun? Miss MacIvor may reply that she has never observed this fact. Neither have we. But that doesn't matter. Anyway we should think that a cow *would* do it, because if she didn't, the sun would be in her eyes.

(4) Why should one say "who" of a man and "which" of a dog, when the latter is by far the nobler animal?

But he isn't.

IX.

In the last number of the Letter-Box some one asked why, after devoting several pages to a review of Mr. Dunbar's novel, we did not give even more space to the new volume of stories by Mr. Kipling; and we answered that it was because we didn't want to. A gentleman living in Germantown, Pennsylvania, has written a caustic letter which he says that we shall probably not notice, and in it he suggests that we devoted more space to Mr. Dunbar than to Mr. Kipling because Mr. Dunbar's book was issued by the firm which publishes THE BOOKMAN, while Mr. Kipling's volume was not. This was a rather nasty little remark and we shall reply to it seriously. Mr. Dunbar's book was his first attempt at writing a novel, and the large number of persons who are interested in him would naturally be curious to know just how fully he had succeeded in a new and unfamiliar field. Consequently, we had it reviewed at length. Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, has been so thoroughly discussed and criticised and analysed from every possible point of view, that when he publishes a new volume of short stories it is not necessary to say anything about him in a general way, but simply to express a critical opinion upon the merit of these particular stories, which is precisely what we did, and to do it we needed only the one page which

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we took. Now we think that the gentleman in Germantown, Pennsylvania, should do the right thing by retracting his exceedingly unfair insinuation.

X.

From Mount Vernon, New York, some one with the signature "A New Subscriber," asks the following questions:

(1) How are these names pronounced: Rider Haggard, Rudyard Kipling and Walter Besant?

The first two names are pronounced precisely as they are spelled; but Sir Walter Besant pronounces his surname with the accent on the last syllable, although in his early years he pronounced it with the accent on the penult.

(2) Does not the senior editor of THE BOOKMAN write most of the articles signed by other names?

Of course not. What a question!

(3) What do you think of the New York University?

We think that it is too far uptown.

(4) Do you not offer encouragement to young writers by purchasing their efforts out of the goodness of your heart, even though you may not use them?

Hardly. In fact we deny this with great earnestness, as the elevator leading to our office was constructed to hoist only a few persons at a time.

(5) Do you think this letter impertinent?

Impertinent in spots and rather frivolous throughout.

(6) Am I a boy or a girl? You may know by the enclosed poem. Publish it—no charge.

It is all very well for you to make no charge for publishing it, but how about us? We should charge at least $5.00 a stanza for its insertion.

XI.

From Mobile, Alabama, comes the following letter.

Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

Dear Sirs—I want to interest you in a young man who resides in this city, and who gives evidence of some literary talent. He is employed in a store, and has had few educational advantages, but his tastes are quite poetical. Instead of spending his evenings as other young men do of his acquaintance, he sits at his desk for hours writing poetry, which many competent critics of this town regard as full of genius. Some of us are thinking of sending him somewhere where he can receive a more thorough training than he has had; for I am told that his poetry has defects due to his ignorance of the proper length of a line and the number of syllables, and things of that kind which are really only trifling defects, but which show that he ought to have more opportunities for study. I want to find out just where he could get the schooling that he needs, and I enclose a number of his poems as a specimen of what he can do. After reading them *very carefully*, will you let me know where you would arrange to send him if the case were wholly in your hands?

To jail.

STEVENSON

"—taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!"
Rudyard Kipling in "The Three-Decker."

A craven-hearted crew had brought us far
From those fair lands that we had hailed of yore;
Above the mast there rode no guiding star,
And we fast drifted on a barren shore.

'Twas then thou cam'st, Pilot of Many Seas!
Again the stars we knew broke through the rift;
Again soft odours hung upon the breeze,
And we dropped anchor where the headlands lift.

Percy Adams Hutchison.

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NOVEL NOTES

GLORIA MUNDI. By Harold Frederic. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.

Instinct as this book is with the love of life, sympathetic readers will be sure to give to whatever gospel or prominent sentiment it may contain something of the significance of farewell words. Their sympathy may lead them out of the strict paths of judgment, for *Gloria Mundi* does not represent very completely the power or the attitude to life of the gifted and regretted author. And still it is characteristic of one strong current of his being. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* stands yet as his highest achievement. Indeed, only in detached portions, these mostly reflective, does this story compare with that remarkably able book. It is a minor work of Mr. Frederic's of which we are reminded. *March Hares* is of inferior calibre, of course, but in this last story we feel the same burning desire for power to scatter pleasure with full hands, to endow friends, yea, all strugglers, with the desire of their hearts, as was noticeable in the more trifling book. The hero, Christian Tower, palpitates with this desire, and though we have to take leave of him on the first day when he has power to scatter largesse, we feel sure that he will radiate sunshine and be bountiful of chances to the less fortunate.

Perhaps the book fails to fulfill the promise of its title. There is hardly enough *gloria mundi* visible. But the story is fantastic enough to draw us out of an every-day temper. A young man bred in refined poverty abroad, is suddenly called to England, and told he is the heir to a dukedom and much wealth. From this high pinnacle of expectation he perceives the possibilities of his new fortunes. He can turn into a rowdy, brutal, hunting squire, like the majority of his relations; he can lead the life of a rich man of fashion in London; he can be a disciple of a philathropic uncle and cousin, who have organised their vast wealth for the benefit of their dependents. From the first he instinctively recoils; the second tires him out. By the terribly minute System, the benevolent tyranny of the third, he is oppressed. In the end he chooses to be just his own good-natured self, neither fox-hunter, man of society, nor social missionary, something vague, a little priggish, but pleasant; perhaps his wife will help him to specialise. The duchess had been a capable, business-like type-writer, whom he first met on his journey to England. There must have been a good deal of Love, the real *gloria mundi*, to bring this unconventional marriage about, but it is a little obscured for us by the lady's ferocious manners.

Among the personages of the book are a few of excellent strength. The best are the brutal old duke, and his son and grandson, Lord Julius and Emanuel, regenerated by marriage with and descent from a noble-minded Jewess. The business-like, generous, and intolerant idealist, who gives the whole of himself to the service of man, or of such men as will be guided in their outgoings and incomings by the wisdom of another, has never been better painted than in Emanuel. But since we are never expected to approve of it, we are given just a little too much of the System, that benign and ingenious and picturesque method of bullying a countryside into ways of pleasantness and peace. The dream of the worthy man is so familiar to us since Mr. Morris wrote his "News from Nowhere," that a briefer indication of its main lines would have sufficed to let free-born Britons guess it was too fine and good for them. But the ideal that preceded the formulation of the System draws the sympathies of every lover of light and beauty. It rose out of revolt at what most men make of life.

> From the cradle to the grave the race swarmed stupidly along, elbowing and jostling in an aimless bustle, hot and ill-tempered through exertions which had no purpose; trampling down all weaker than themselves, and cursing those who, in turn, had the strength to push them under; coming wearily at the end to the gate and the outer darkness of extinction, a futile and disappointed mob — having seen nothing, comprehended nothing, profited nothing. The measured progress of a generation across the span of life might be made so serene and well-ordered and fruitful an affair!

Gloria Mundi has a strong topographical interest. In Shropshire and Somerset, but especially in the former, the scenes are laid, and those who have an interest in local history and kindred matters may find, if they will, in picturesque Salop, old stones like those which Mr. Frederic has used to make some part of this new edifice. Caermere is perhaps Moreton Corbet. The Toret, or Turret, family, one of the oldest in England, have given, at least, their name to the principal personages of the book.

THE SECRET OF FOURGERENSE. By Louise Imogene Guiney. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. $1.50.

In this charming translation from the French, Miss Guiney offers an old-fashioned but ever-delightful romance of a most completely satisfying type. The name of the author is not given, but that is unimportant to the interest of the work; and it is probable any way that the translator has invested it with the charm investing her own work. It is many a long day since there came this way so perfect a tale of its kind; so generously rich in its use of black magic and white; and in its invocation of ghosts, evil and good, and in its general magnificent disregard of any pent-up Utica of science and the probabilities. Who is there so narrow as not to delight in its sulphuric atmosphere, its yawning graves, and its peals of demoniac laughter; in the evil one flying over the tree tops all aflame, and in the picture of the villain of the story, "in a scarlet gown, his white hair in a sort of bluish

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smoke from hell, his eyes like fiery coals," while imps galore blow the fire and tall demons stand by mixing hellish potions? There is something in a good, strong blast of this description, that blows straight through logic's cobwebs to the subtlest soul! And there is a temptation to linger over those earlier portions of the work telling with such fascinating frankness of the devil and his interesting doings, rather than to pass on to the narrative proper, with its gentle love story, its lofty ideals, and its less exciting though more probable events The time lies far, far away in old France, when good King René ruled Anjou—the paradise of troubadours, the fatherland of artists—the King himself an artist and a troubadour, open, sweet, simple of nature and thinking nothing of the schemes, the greed, the treachery and the cruelty of Louis the Thirteenth. In those days—so far off—there were still jesters at courts and hermits in the woods who dared to speak the truth to good and to bad kings. "A monk," says the prior defying King Louis, "a monk after all should not be troubled by the wrath of princes, when he has innocently drawn it upon himself: for he is Christ's vassal, and his allegiance is to God alone." As the work goes on the atmosphere becomes more religious and less historical, and as the last page ends and the first comes again into view, there is a feeling of incongruity between the closing scene at the foot of the cross and the jester with his owls on the cover of blue and silver.

A YANKEE VOLUNTEER. By Imlay Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

Those who remember the author's fascinating romance *On the Red Stair Case*. and with a less degree of enthusiasm *An Imperial Lover*, will greet this new work of his with delightful expectation. Examination of it, however, brings disappointment. Neither the manner nor the matter of the work comes near the expectation well founded upon those earlier stories. In the first place there is always more or less of a withdrawal from a story at second hand, and this Journal of a Grandfather seems far off indeed. As for the matter, the motive of the story, Lexington and the Minute Men have done duty in fiction until there seems nothing left to say. There is, to be sure, a love story in the midst of all the marching and beating of drums, but the story, too, has often been told before. The young patriot and the old Royalist's charming daughter are very familiar figures of the historical novel, only in this instance they are less alive than usual, and certainly far less real than the leading characters of the author's other stories. This comparative lifelessness is all the more strange by reason of the study and care which have evidently been bestowed on the work. The only point of resemblance between this new book and its predecessors, is the nobility of feeling characterising everything from Mr. Taylor's pen. And the nobility is not merely towards patriotism, it reveals itself in every relation of life touched by the story. There is a moving appeal in the scene in which Captain Allen stops to succour the hated Hessians, when seeking a wounding friend on the battlefield; generosity and sweetness of spirit make themselves felt indeed throughout the work, notwithstanding its languid movement and its general inferiority to both *An Imperial Lover* and *On the Red Stair Case*.

AFTERWARDS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ian Maclaren. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The most obvious remark to make of this book, by way not of criticism, but of characterisation, is that it is a blend—of Ian Maclaren and Dr. Watson, of Liverpool and Logiealmond, of *The Mind of the Master*, and the practice of Drumtochty. Blending is notoriously a delicate and difficult operation, almost as delicate and difficult as characterisation. The reader of the book can hardly fail to see some of the difficulties as he goes along. The subjects of certain of the stories are clearly "properer for a sermon." Such, for example, is "Afterwards," which is or ought to have been a homily on the egregious vanity which permits a man to spend all his leisure apart from his family because he is supposed to be "a brilliant man wedded to a dull wife." It is not peculiarly successful as a story, because after reading it you do not feel heartily sorry for the widowed Trevor; you only wish he had been horsewhipped in front of his "Mediterranean villa full of clever people," or rather you do not believe that so hopeless a cad could have inspired so much self-sacrificing affection in such a woman as Maud Trevor. Other "episodes" are plainly intended for Christmas-dinner consumption, when the port is none the worse for having a flavour of altruism. Such is "The Right Hand of Samuel Dobson," which is a very pleasant and profitable story of good deeds done in secret, but whose Dickensish "purpose" stares one too steadily in the face. On the other hand, the blend is in some places a perfect success. Thus "Saved by Faith" is so very good a piece of work in the way of exploring the robust and slang-loving Christianity that is to be found in the Stock Exchanges of provincial cities, that Dr. Watson might do worse than work this vein a great deal more. Then "Father Jinks," a study in urban ritualism, which in its style recalls Mr. Henry James at his best—that is to say, when he is not too industriously French-polishing his fundamental Puritanism—is as good as anything its author has done, as good as his own "Probationer" in this volume. Than this there can be no higher praise, for the poor unfortunate, morally successful "Probationer" is worthy to be named in the same breath with the Rev. Josiah Cargill. The purely Drumtochty stories are quite equal to any in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*. The final chastening and mellowing of Dr. Davidson by financial misfortunes, and by the determination of his parishioners to alleviate them, rounds off admirably the life of the greatest and most loveable of Scottish Moderates. We do not care much for "The Evangelist." As a picture of nobility of character, which no theological narrowness can destroy or even absorb, Elijah

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Higginbotham is no doubt delightful, but Dr. Watson ought to have allowed him to have the best of the argument about "Posty," as indeed he had. Then the minister of St. Bede's is a fine, manly fellow, and deserves the good luck, in the shape of the best of wives, that falls to him; but being impetuous, would he not have shown the door to that "sleekit" and intolerable creature, Thompson? Finally, Dr. Watson is prone to carry self-sacrifice both in man and woman a trifle beyond nature. Altogether, however, this is a most enjoyable book, full of the most careful portraiture—Ian Maclaren has made a notable addition to his Scottish gallery in his nobly inconsistent Collector of Muirtown—the most wholesome of teaching by example, and writing the painstaking character of which but enhances its simplicity. Dr. Watson has proved in this volume that he is one of the greatest living masters of the short story, English or Scottish—that short story which relies for its effectiveness upon fidelity to life, and to the humour which is at least a half of character.

A LOVER'S REVOLT. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

A Lover's Revolt is not against love's tyranny—as most lover's revolts are—but against the oppression of the British crown. For this is another of those stories of the Revolution lately so numerous, and this also deals with the struggle at Concord and Lexington, and with the battle of Bunker Hill. In certain respects, however, this work differs from the mass of historical novels. It is more personal than such stories are apt to be; its characterisation is much more distinct, especially in the English types—since the Englishmen figuring in patriotic American fiction are usually mere dark shadows. Another unusual feature of the work is the presentation of Boston as the town really was at the outbreak of the Revolution, not as regards only the few poor buildings, the small size of the peninsula on which they stood, but the homes of the people and their lives therein. It shows, moreover, that there were in those days—as there have been before and since—certain individuals, and indeed whole families, who were neither for king nor country, but who trimmed their sails to the wind—and this is another respect in which the story differs from its kind, since the average patriotic novel shows every American as a patriot or a traitor, recognising no middle ground. Among the few exceptions who were neither Whig nor Tory was Jehiel Oakbridge, a merchant of standing and means, whose daughter, Huldah, is the heroine of the story. Huldah has no distinct political or patriotic convictions, but like most of her type, she is quite distinct in her views of any matter touching her own convenience. Consequently when Ash Farnslee, the young Bostonian who loves her, swears allegiance to his country and takes up arms in defence of liberty, incurring social disfavour, banishment, loss of every kind, Huldah turns to an English captain having all the desirable things that the foolish patriot forfeits. Such is the story, and it is quite strong against its large historical background.

POOR HUMAN NATURE. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

It now and then happens to the reviewer to come across a novel dealing with an oft-told tale in a peculiarly satisfactory way. No author is likely to feel complimented at having this said of his work, and yet after all it is really high praise. Such, at all events, is the effect of *Poor Human Nature*. Certainly ever since novel writing began novelists have dealt with the honourable man who, having pledged himself to a pretty face covering a mean nature, learns too late what real love of a noble woman means. Certainly ever since novels were first read the situation has made deep appeal, but hardly ever a deeper appeal than in this new version of the old story. The composure and deliberation of the work make it curiously convincing. The characters, too, are peculiarly real. The good man whose life is sacrificed to an overstrained ideal of honour, the friend who tries vainly to save him, the shallow, selfish wife, the earnest, high-minded woman who suffers perhaps most of all, each and every one stands out with vivid distinction, and are not soon to be forgotten. The narrowness and concentration of the environment also add to the curious intensity of the effect. It is a musical story; all the characters are more or less directly identified with the operatic stage, and the greater part of the scenes transpire within a small German town. Most of the characters are Germans, but the prima donna, the noble woman, is English, and in a way stands apart from the rest. The portrayal of local life, particularly that appertaining to operatic circles, is full of freshness and interest. All is wrought out with the quiet deliberation and reserve already mentioned, and the gradual breaking down of the conscientious resistance of the honourable man and the noble woman is drawn with real art. They hold respect and sympathy to the last, in that they control their actions, although they cannot control what they feel, for of such is the highest that can ever be demanded of *Poor Human Nature*. Even so slight an analysis of the story must show its familiarity, but only a careful, appreciative reading of it can reveal its vast superiority to the great mass of its kind. It is well written, it is nobly felt, it is altogether an admirable work.

ONE WAY ROUND THE WORLD. By Delight Sweetser. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25.

In these days when almost everybody goes round the world, and everybody who makes the circuit writes what he sees, a really fresh book of travel has become one of the rare things in literature. For this reason Miss Sweetser's work deserves special praise aside from its literary quality, which is so good as to make the book notable had it appeared before its innumerable predecessors had familiarised the countries, the customs and types which it portrays. It is still more notable now in its piquant departure from those

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main travelled roads, seen with the freshness of girl's young eyes. The whole work radiates charm from the cover to the tail-peice, but the most charming of all is that dealing with Japan. There is in truth enchantment in the very name of that country and the author imparts the spell by which she is enthralled, the feeling of Japan, "where the people are so novel, and the sights so curious that the western world seems as illusive as flowers in the mirror and the bright moon in the water. "Everything is so strange," the author goes on, "that the feeling that I am dreaming now deserts me. Sometimes I feel like glancing cautiously round to make sure that my godet skirt has not been changed by some Japanese fairy-godmother into a silken kimom . . . . that the kinks haven't straightened out of my hair, nor my eyes tilted up, and am still my American self, instead of little Miss Moonshine, or Miss Perfume, or Miss Cherry Blossom." But, although the writing is mainly from a girl's point of view—and there lies its greatest charm—there is much mature observation, growing as the work advances, the most serious part being naturally that describing Egypt, since it is difficult to imagine even a Chicago girl "frivoling" about the sphinx. However, Miss Sweetser comments characteristically upon the "moth-eaten" ship of the desert, by which she is carried to this mystery of the centuries, so that the reader comes smiling out of the very shadow of the pyramids. There should be mention also of the unusually attractive "make-up" of the book, and of the fine pictures reproduced from photographs taken by the author.

THE RED AXE. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

This story probably marks a stage in Mr. Crockett's career as a romancist. It is by no means his most readable book. It is not so full of genuine wildly possible incidents as *The Raiders*, nor like *The Men of the Moss-Hags* is it filled after the fashion of Neil Blane's change-house, with folk whom a Scotsman, brushing aside a few unpicturesque generations, would at once feel himself at ease with. Even the Master of the Red Axe himself is not nearly so attractive a personality as the Scottish Iago—rather Henbane Glendinning allowed to put his theories of life into practice—who gives at once a name and a purpose of *The Grey Man*. It shows in far too many passages that the hand of Mr. Crockett's master is still heavy upon him. And yet *The Red Axe* seems to be superior in energy of movement, vigour of portraiture, and that originality which means a capacity to "make wonders from the familiar start," to anything Mr. Crockett has yet done. He has escaped from the prison of Scottish history, and when he has got rid of the bonds of Stevensonian mannerism we shall have the perfect Crockett. For one thing, he shows here as he has never done, his power of reproducing and placing side by side opposites, both in man and in woman. For example, there could hardly be anything better in its way than the contrast between the swaggering and murdering Duke Casmir and his executioner, who is at once his Mayor of the Palace and his Mephistopheles. Then Isolinde and Helene, the rival heroines, inevitably suggest Lilith and Eve. But Helene has a character and a temper of her own—so much so that one resents her being everlastingly styled "The Little Playmate." Mr. Crockett shows a nearer approach to subtlety than he has even done before in keeping steadily before his readers the essential differences between two women who have nevertheless a few qualities in common. As a story *The Red Axe* flags here and there; occasionally even the fighting becomes tedious. But the spirited close, in which everything is cleared up and almost everybody is knocked down, atones for any deficiencies in the way of plot. Mr. Crockett is here at his most vigorous, and, indeed, as a romancist he is quite entitled to cut his own Gordian knots. *The Red Axe*, in fact, shows that Mr. Crockett has discovered a little principality of fiction, for the possession of which no contemporary story teller can challenge him. When he has become accustomed to his coronet, and has got rid of his present habit of drawing his sword in and out of its scabbard by way of demonstrating that he is master of his weapon, he will have a peaceful and successful reign.

THE REJUVENATION OF MISS SEMAPHORE. By Hal Godfrey. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

In *The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore*, "Hal Godfrey," is manifestly following the trail of Mr. Anstey, and she has concocted an absurdly funny story for our amusement. It must be a melancholy person indeed who can read the book through without laughter. The Misses Agatha and Prudence Semaphore are maiden ladies, aged fifty and thirty-five respectively, who are inmates of a typical boarding house, where everybody gossips about everybody else, and where the faintest hint of a mystery is enough to start a chain of circumstantial evidence worthy of Sherlock Holmes.

Now, one day the Misses Semaphore came upon an advertisement which announced the fact that for a thousand pounds they could procure a bottle of the Water of Youth, and that by taking the water according to instructions they could gradually take five, ten or twenty years from their lives and yet retain all their faculties of matured age. Of course the Misses Semaphore, although living in a second-rate boarding house, had no trouble in raising a thousand pounds, and very soon the Water of Youth was in their possession. The elder Miss Semaphore, being the more in need of rejuvenating, decided to make the experiment first. So, after Prudence had retired for the night, she started in to take two drops, but accidentally the bottle was broken and the fluid escaped. Quick as a flash Miss Semaphore was on her knees and drank each precious drop as it fell from the table until she had consumed a whole thousand pounds' worth of rejuvenation. The next morning Prudence was awakened by the wail of an infant, whom she found in Agatha's bed and in Agatha's night-cap! The poor Misses Semaphore! Can there be a worse *contretemps* for a maiden lady than to be discovered

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in a boarding house with a new-born infant, whose presence there defies explanation?

But in order to enjoy the subsequent complications provocative of mirth which arose out of this absurd situation, one must read the story for oneself.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

Here is an excellent story, the lightest and the brightest that Dr. Weir Mitchell has yet produced. A very close acquaintance with the history and the social conditions of France during the Revolution, and with the topography of Old Paris, must have preceded the making of it, but the learning is skilfully used, and never obtruded. François was a foundling and a chorister of Notre Dame, to whom orderly life was made intolerable. When his voice broke, and he was threatened with the imprisonment of a monastery, he took to the wild life of the streets, and fought for his own hand—for others, too: he was a good-hearted vagabond. It is a novel thing to have a revolutionary story told from the point of view of an irresponsible rascal, who cared little for either party, though his instincts were Royalist, but who liked crowds and street riots because purses were loosely held then. Violence was abhorent to his easy-going, kindly, if quite non-moral nature. He would have let politics alone, but politics were of a meddling temper in those days, and even the poor thief, conjurer, and fencing-master—for he rose to that, and did not even stop there—had to hold the staircase of a château against a mob, was a suspect, and was imprisoned, amongst aristocrats, too, by a pleasant irony of fate. His irrepressible gaiety carried him through strange passes in his life, and the triumph of the book is that in the alleged gaiety of François we really believe: we are infected by it. The lighter side of a tragic time has never been so successfully touched before.

TO ARMS! Being some passages from the Early Life of Allan Oliphant, Chirurgeon, written by himself, now set forth for the first time by Andrew Balfour, and illustrated by Cecil W. Quinnell. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.

There are close on three hundred and fifty pages in Mr. Balfour's narrative, and to say that each contains an adventure would be to describe meagrely the liberality of his plan and the profuseness of his matter. Even Dumas, the prodigal, would have spread the stuff of this single novel, had he used it, over several books. We confess to having been much exhausted by *To Arms!* even while we heartily admired the energy and the reckless generosity of the writer. After all, it is not a complaint we are often tempted to make, and it contains much to praise; for it means that Mr. Balfour has spared neither time, nor pains, nor ingenuity to give his hero a really interesting career, if it was beyond his power to make him an interesting person. We should fill several of these columns if we were to give a mere inventory of the adventures and dangers which his luckless young surgeon is made to go through; perils by land and water, from rebels, from body-snatchers, from public and private foes, from fair ladies and common murderers, among Cowgate mobs and in Paris prisons. Allan is a most agile, a many-jointed puppet, if he is only a puppet. But Mr. Balfour is alive, though his hero is not; and he will live to do something more humanly interesting some day.

MORE CARGOES. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: F. A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

What can one say of *More Cargoes* that one did not say of *Many Cargoes*? The stories are similar, and they are as good. Mr. Jacobs knows his old friends the skippers and the mates in their every aspect; and he has such a winning, genial way with him that they let themselves go, show their individuality in all its corners, play the buffoon and the lover, and all their various parts without shyness or reserve. The humours of the little river and coasting craft were never so understanded before. The stories are irresistibly funny, and wonderfully varied, though to read half a score or so, one after the other, is to lose some of the effect of each. Keep the book by you, and it will brighten many dull hours, and hit the fancy of the idle, irresponsible ones.

THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

The House of Hidden Treasure has in some respects the manner of an older day. It is solid in workmanship, elaborate in plot; the villain is of the good old school, and intercepts letters, poisons the minds of friends, sets his enemy afloat in a leaky boat, and acts in all things according to the best traditions of his class. Yet the book gains rather than loses by its old-fashioned flavour. There is a degree of gravity—even of primness—which sits gratefully upon Miss Tuttiett. Flippancy does not become her. She is at her best when serious. And yet there is no lack of vivacity in the story, though it finds its most successful expression, not directly in the writer's *propria persona*, but through a particularly lively heroine, who, by a rigorous application of her favourite motto, "*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*," alternately fascinates and exasperates her friends. No book could be dull with Grace Dorrien in it, even were the other characters less interesting and the situation less striking than these. The reader cannot but yield to her charm, and long and involved as the plot is, she compels his interest to the end. The closing pages are deeply pathetic—not disappointing—for the ending is the only appropriate part. No other would have been satisfactory. Grace could not have taken a new rôle after creating for herself that of "Hidden Treasure" in the Old House.

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THROUGH ASIA. By Sven Hedin. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. $10.00.

Right in the heart of Asia, where Britain, Russia and China stretch encroaching fingers towards a possible meeting, lies the mysterious tract of country passed over in half a page in our geography books, and omitted, except in vague and general outline, from our atlases. It is a region about which people have inquired little. North and South have been eagerly explored; the Pole and Sahara are brought, so to speak, to our doors. But the centuries have passed with but few attempts to penetrate the core of the mysterious East. There is something about the very name of Khotan, of the Pamirs, of Mus-tagh-ata, which tickles the imagination, and we confess to something of a superstitious thrill in opening Dr. Sven Hedin's book. For if the hidden Lama is to be unveiled, surely we have a right to expect portents. But what do we find? That Dr. Hedin visited the Temple of the Ten Thousand Images and "had tea" with the "Living Buddha!" Yet that was a mere incident, disposed of in a few lines of a book whose every page is alive with serious interest.

Dr. Hedin has plenty of humour, and of good humour, but his book is one to be taken seriously. He has traversed thousands of miles where no European had ever before set foot; his adventures and experiences have been in themselves extraordinary, and his discoveries of far-reaching importance; but perhaps the charm of the book lies, as much as anywhere else, in the writer's art of telling his story simply and unaffectedly and of keeping the warm human interest alive from first to last. We have never read a more fascinating or a more thrilling travel book. The descriptions of the various attempts to scale the Mus-tagh-ata, of the wonderful scenic effects, of the mental and physical sensations of the traveller, and the grand invincibility of the Father of the Ice Mountains, are enough to set the nerves a-tingling in the bare reading. Here are a few of the writer's own sentences, sufficient to show his style and descriptive power. At a height of 20,660 feet above the sea he has stepped out to see the full moon rise.

> A dead silence everywhere—not an echo from the opposite wall of rock. The attenuated air was inert; it needed an avalanche to make it vibrate. The breathing of the yaks was visible, but not audible. The animals stood silent and motionless, as if they, too, were under the witching spell of the night. The clouds flitted noiselessly by. The moon seemed to be gazing down fixedly upon the insignificant mortal who had had the audacity to defy one of the mountain giants of the world. A curious feeling of being at a vast distance from the earth took possession of me It was difficult to realise that the four continents lay actually below my feet; and that a girdle drawn round the earth at the level where I then stood would cut off only the tops of a very few mountains in Asia and South America. I realised more forcibly than ever man's littleness as compared with the inconceivable magnitude of creation. I seemed to be standing on the confines of space—cold, silent, boundless.

And then he shows the reverse of the medal:

> *Islam Bai and Yehim Bai were sitting in their fur coats, as near to the dying embers as they could get, uttering never a word. . . . It was a long, wearisome night, which seemed as if it never would end. None of us could get a moment's sleep. At last, towards morning, I fell into a sort of dose, but was awakened by want of air.*

There is so much in these two volumes that it is useless to attempt to analyse the contents in detail. By caravan, camel, yak, or on foot, Dr. Sven Hedin travelled 6,520 miles, 2,020 of which was fresh ground. Altogether, including journeys by rail or carriage, he covered 14,600 miles during these four strenuous years between 1893-97. His scientific labours were unremitting. Frozen among glaciers, scorched in arid plains, oppressed with headache in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain tops, parched with thirst in the deserts, the intrepid explorer never omitted to record his scientific observations. Between the Bagrash-köll in the north and the Koko-shili Mountains in Tibet, he has surveyed an enormous tract of new country, and gathered a mass of invaluable material now being worked out in the Institute at Gotha and prepared for publication in *Petermann's Mittheilungen.*

It is evident throughout the whole narrative —though Dr. Hedin is singularly modest in his phrasing—that his own qualifications for his task have been of the highest. Surely there could be no more thrilling story than that of the "Camp of Death," related in the closing chapters of Volume I., and all through it is evident how strong must have been his hold upon the loyalty and affection of the followers, how dauntless his own spirit, how magnificent his physique and power of endurance. It is rather in his favour than otherwise that he was, as he admits, no Nimrod, and had no ambitions in the direction of big game shooting. He had the more time to use pen and pencil, and his readers are the richer on that account. For there is hardly a page in these two volumes but has some vigorous sketch or dainty drawing, and all are excellent.

To the non-scientific reader the assurance that Dr. Hedin has reserved his purely scientific information for separate and later publication may be reassuring. This is merely the story of his adventures, and, as we have already said, it is full of human interest from beginning to end. The book is one of those that one sits up late to finish, that tempt one to forget engagements and neglect duties. These are its dangers, but they are such as most of us willingly brave. Those who let the book pass unread will have missed an exceptional pleasure.

THE LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND. By George Adam Smith. New York: The Doubleday & McClure Co. $3.00 net.

It was a chivalrous thing for one of his closest friends to undertake to write the life of

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Henry Drummond. Apart from all the inherent difficulties, which no one could know better than he, he has a double risk to face. On the one hand he can hardly fail to disappoint others who stood as close to Drummond as himself, but saw perhaps a different facet of his nature. Each of them may say that Dr. Smith has failed to seize and present the man *he* knew, and so to do justice to this rare personality. On the other hand no friend of Drummond could write about him for those who knew him not, without incurring suspicion of extravagance or adulation. Professor Smith has been so well aware of this last danger that he has evidently put restraint upon himself to display the flaws in logic or in science which have been detected in Drummond's work as a writer, and may well claim to be credited with the same candour in the rest of his picture. And as representing the large and intermediate class of those who, though not of his most intimate friends, both knew him and loved him, the present writer gives his testimony that Dr. Smith has successfully faced the difficulties and written a life of Drummond that is both adequate and just. It does not say more concerning his wonderful influence and the almost passionate loyalty he created than could be joyfully confirmed by hundreds of men throughout the world.

The case is not uncommon where a man's friends feel sadly that neither his own work nor their testimony can convey to the world a true measure of his greatness. But it is even peculiarly so in regard to Henry Drummond. This was a necessary consequence of the *métier* he adopted; for that *métier* was friendship. He was in the profoundest sense of the word a "minister." A man had only to need him to establish a claim on his time, sympathy and service. And his ministry was effective, oftentimes healing, just because it was different in every case. He "gave himself with his gift" with a fulness which was sometimes overwhelming, and a consistency which was sometimes provoking. One longed sometimes that he would take—were it only in exchange. He never seemed to need—till those last two years when he needed what no man could give him, though many would have been found to say of him, as he said of Elmslie, "a hundred of us ought to have gone before him."

Drummond, therefore, deserves to be judged and requires to be known through the testimony of his friends. We would advise anyone taking up this book, having read the Introduction, to turn at once to Chapter XII., the story of the Student Movement in Edinburgh, and the account of Drummond given by Mr. Newman, one who came upon him from outside, and found him in the midst of what he himself felt to be his greatest work. It ought to startle any indolent curiosity into the keenest interest. And even when we have gratefully laid down this book, we turn again to the volume entitled *The Ideal Life*, and read in the Introduction the appreciation of the same personality from two other points of view.

The narrative related by Dr. Smith, largely with the aid of letters and journals, enhances our impression of two things which were most remarkable in Drummond—the singular versatility of his outward life, and the extraordinary tenacity with which through it all he pursued a single and a spiritual aim. Was ever a brief career so full of sensation, of what might have dazzled a man, distracted or dissipated his purpose? At twenty-three a religious revivalist on whose lips thousands hung, into whose ears hundreds poured their confessions of sin and of sorrow; he returns to be a humble student of Divinity. At thirty-three the literary hero of the year, his book read with avidity wherever English is spoken. Avenues open before him in all directions—in the church, in politics, in science, in society, in university life. He looked along each of them and said, "That is not what I am here for." He put aside a pressing invitation from Mr. Gladstone himself to enter the House of Commons. With undivided allegiance he gave himself to the work of helping men as opportunity offered. And his tenacity is all the more remarkable that his purpose was one difficult to grasp or state, or to relate to any definite position, one which his friends must have felt, and possibly he himself in certain moods, to be humbler than the best of which he was capable. And yet he did his work; and one rises from the perusal of this book with the conviction that it was the work he was called to do. For one pictures the countless homes under every sky to which this volume will go, to quicken memories of old days when men who are now in the forefront of life's battle hung upon his teaching, and learned from Drummond the secret of how to save their lives by losing them.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Margaret Moyes Black. Famous Scots Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

This little book is sure to get a welcome. We read all that is written about Stevenson with eagerness, ever hoping for fresh light on a delightful personality; we bear with repetitions for the charm of their subject. It was inevitable that a monograph on him should appear among the "Famous Scots," and while waiting Mr. Colvin's final biography, there is no reason why we should not hear the tale of his life and work from whosoever has watched both closely. The present biographer saw him frequently between 1869 and 1880, and was an intimate friend of his family. From the beginning of her acquaintance with him, before he was yet famous, he was a sympathetic and interesting personage to her. It is not in the least surprising that the new narrative matter is scanty. So many personal recollections have appeared that if there is anything important left to glean it would be only fair if it were reserved for Mr. Colvin. But among various trifling, not therefore unwelcome, new glimpses, we find one more amusing instance of Stevenson's consistent ill-luck that always, in his younger days, placed him and the authorities in opposition. The *Inland Voyage* does not record the first attempt on his liberty by the minions of the law. While he was watching a snowball fight, be-

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tween the Edinburgh students and the town lads, from a ledge above the college quadrangle, the police rushed in, and made as many prisoners as they could. Stevenson was, of course, a most eager spectator, and in his excitement he craned his neck so much that he slipped from his perch and was at once captured. It needed all the stray coins and the watches of his friends assembled at the police-station to bail him out of the cells.

To his lovable nature, to the graces of his character and mind, full justice is done. But the real Stevenson does not appear. Of the pungent flavour, of the elfishness, of the infinite variety of his moods, which made it almost impossible to distinguish his native self from the reflections caught by his sympathetic mind, of all the contradictoriness, the richness that Mr. Henley hints at in his well-known lines, of all that marked him not only as an amiable man, but as an individual, rare, and even bizarre soul, and a genius, there is no suggestion. Miss Black dislikes *The Ebb Tide* very much—here alone she ventures adverse criticism. So she ignores the writer of *The Ebb Tide* and prefers only to contemplate him who made *Will o' the Mill.*

Of criticism in any serious sense there is none, though of one side of Stevenson's literary powers Miss Black is most intelligently appreciative. But whether from the fear of offending, or modesty, or some other reason, there is no real distinction made between his great work and his trifling. *The Wrong Box* is characterised inaptly, but perhaps prudently, as "quaint." There is too much of this kind of thing: "The tale [*The Master of Ballantrae*] is one of unrelieved horror, but it is a masterpiece nevertheless, and it has had a large sale." Even without presuming to give final and profound judgments of Stevenson as a literary artist, it would have interested all readers to know how far he made use of historical material and documents in his romances. The trial reports on which *Kidnapped* is founded, are not difficult to get at; and some indication of how much his imagination worked on the facts and the personages would have been useful and illuminating.

Miss Black has, in fact, emphasised whatever in Stevenson appealed especially to her—his grace, his unselfishness, his feminine delicacy; and we would not have a word of this omitted. There was, however, another Stevenson, not less delightful, without whom no one would now take the trouble to write books with his name at the top of them. We need not be ungrateful for an incomplete memoir so affectionately respectful as this, though we may hold that honour will best be done to a mind so fastidious as his by the critic whose love of him and of good letters has cast out all fear of just judgment.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY REEVE, C.B., D.C.L. Late editor of the Edinburgh Review. By J. K. Laughton, M. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. $8.00.

These volumes contain much interesting matter, though none of the first importance. Professor Laughton, one of Reeve's staff on the *Edinburgh Review*, and well known for his excellent contributions to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, has done his work unobtrusively and with skill. Occasionally, perhaps, his comments are marked by a political rancour which, whether just or not, seems out of place in a chronicle like this. Reeve was a man of mediocre ability, who used his powers and opportunities so well that for many years, and even to the last, he was a personage. He had an excellent start at the beginning, having gone to school at Geneva, the acquaintance of some of the most eminent foreign statesmen and men of letters. He must have been a good friend, for in several cases these acquaintanceships developed into intimacy, and in very few were they entirely broken off. When he came back to London in early manhood, he was brought into contact with many of the best people in the literary world. His good fortune was crowned by his appointment at the age of twenty-five as a Clerk of Appeals to the Privy Council. This position he held for fifty years, having been Registrar since the creation of the office in 1853. With such excellent vantage, it is not surprising that he found a literary and journalistic career very easy. He was employed by the great editor Delane to write on foreign politics in the *Times*, and took himself very seriously, as was the manner of the time. There are not many contributions here to our scanty knowledge of the inner history of the great journal, but the old impression of Delane's ability and prescience is confirmed. Now that the lives of Delane and Dasent may be given up as hopeless, we should have been glad if these volumes had been more fruitful. The connection with the *Times* seems to have come to an end through some dispute with Dasent, although we note that Dasent afterwards contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. Reeve, with his usual good luck, was appointed editor of the *Edinburgh* in succession to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and held the position to the end of his life. This task, and the editing of the Greville Memoirs, were his most important engagements.

There is no chronicle here of the history of the *Edinburgh Review* such as we find in Macvey Napier's very valuable correspondence. Reeve was not an incompetent editor, but he could not be called successful. For one thing quarterly reviews were declining, though the *Quarterly* held its ground much better than the *Edinburgh* in point of spirit and insight. For another, the *raison d'être* of the *Edinburgh* was gone. Reeve was hardly a Liberal in any intelligible sense. He seems to have been always more or less out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone. The two Reviews were for long on the same side, though the *Edinburgh* was known as Whig, and the *Quarterly* as Conservative. To Reeve the rise in progress and strength of the Unionist party would have been in the highest degree satisfactory, and those who might be tempted to dispute his political insight and foresight should remember that he was all his life striving for this end. We are told that he did not welcome casual contributions, that he carefully revised proofs, and re-wrote passages to please himself. He seldom decided on publishing the review of a book which he had not himself read, and he

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objected to any reviewer who had already noticed the book in any other periodical. Mrs. Oliphant is almost the only outsider who appears in those pages. Froude was a contributor, and Goldwin Smith, and on one occasion at least Mr. Gladstone. Reeve did not bemoan the decline in the *Review*, in fact he did not seem conscious of it. All the modern methods of advertising he utterly detested. That his literary insight remained keen to the last is proved by the fact that so great a firm as Messrs. Longmans employed him so late as 1878 as their literary adviser. This arrangement remained in force until the end of his life. We gather that Reeve was a thorough Broad Churchman of the school of Arnold, Tait, and Arthur Stanley. He speaks of the "total weakness and inconsistency of the Tractarians, and their absolute disloyalty to the Church of England." He died peacefully at the great age of eighty-two, after a full, happy, and serviceable life.

TEN DRAWINGS IN CHINATOWN. By Ernest C. Peixotto. With certain observations by Robert Howe Fletcher. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, $3.50.

"Written by an American, illustrated by an American, printed in California, bound in California"—surely patriotism cannot go further than that. Mr. Peixotto's *Ten Drawings in Chinatown*, of which only 750 copies have been printed, has a most delightful and alluring appearance in the beautiful, artistic style which Mr. Robertson has given the book. Evidently what Mr. Peixotto has tried to do is to make his Chinese scenes and characters faithful to life, and we think that he has succeeded much better than the local artist usually does. The Eastern artist insists, as a rule, upon having the Oriental conform to certain mannerisms or tricks of style of his own, with the result of making the Celestial something that is not of this world. Mr. Peixotto has taken street, balcony, and market scenes; a bit of a procession and a funeral; an old fruit-vender; an actor and a young girl. Into the scenes he has introduced just enough detail to bring out the barbaric East, but he has never overloaded his picture. The market picture suggests many things to one who is familiar with Chinese life; to one who is not, it gives a perfect idea of the architecture of the quarter and of a most significant feature of every-day life. The bit of Rag Alley is wonderfully strong in detail. The face of the old Chinese woman standing before the apples on the stand is absolutely true, and the same fidelity is shown in the face of the young girl. The tendency of most artists is to idealise the faces of Chinese children. Here we have the heavy, slanting eyes, the flat nose, the ugly fulness of the cheeks, and the sensual mouth—just the face that may be seen any day in Chinatown. The scene from the procession is beautifully done, as is also the front of the joss-house. In a word, these pictures are well worth careful study, for they are genuine contributions to our knowledge of the Chinese.

Lieutenant Fletcher, who is known for his short stories of California life, has written a sketch of the picturesque features of San Francisco's Chinatown. He has not atempted to be statistical or to overload his sketch with facts, but he has succeeded in giving a graphic as well as a truthful picture of the way the Oriental transforms commonplace old stores and residences, and makes them appear like bits of old Canton or Shanghai. He treats Chinese life with delicacy, also, for he suggests how impossible it is for us to see with Chinese eyes and to realise the difference in mental attitude between the Celestial, with his reverence for gods and family and his entire absence of humour, and the American, with his painful lack of reverence and his highly developed sense of humour.

Mr. Peixotto's drawings are mounted on boards, and are loose in a portfolio. The latter is bound in pale-green boards and tied with green ribbon.

W. V.'S GOLDEN LEGEND. A Child's Book of Saints. By William Canton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

These are pages, daintily composed, quaintly lighted up with bright and gleaming phantoms, out of a world now seemingly gone from us, which the Monk Felix might have read, and, in some sort, written. They take us into the dim forest, among legends, myths, parables, the tender, severe, suggestive, haunting Aberglaube, which has sprung up round the Catholic church, and cannot die until poetry itself shall be extinct. We hope it will find its way into the hands of many children. One little girl we know, something like the W. V. who is our author's companion, who will take huge delight in all the stories of "Golden Apples and Roses Red;" in "The Dream of the White Lark," and "The Little Bedesman of Christ;" and "The Guardians of the Door;" but who will shrink and be just frightened, but will read on, when she comes to "The Seven Years of Seeking," and will pursue in her sleep, with dread and astonishment, the adventures of Rheinfrid through many worlds. They are lovely stories; nor could they be more charmingly told.

We praise Mr. Canton's style, though a little too soft here and there; and his manipulation of the Latin, which has so thrilling an effect; and his sympathetic tone, as free from adulation as from the bitter taste of Puritanism. And in view of certain charges and a quarrel that is always breaking out—as though Catholic instincts favoured harsh treatment of our brethren, the lower creation—we would beg even serious persons to look at "The Story of the Lost Brother." That is our theology which they will find there, the mild doctrine and gentle practice of St. Kieran of Saighir, St. Francis, St. Columba, St. Malo, St. Meinrad, St. Kentigern, and all the saints; as it is written in the Book of the Prophet Hosea, "In that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field; and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground." The Saint is always a second Adam; his world round about him is Paradise, the garden of God; and he names the creatures one by one, and knows them severally; and for them, too, in his neighbourhood there is peace. Mr. Canton has learned so much from the Golden Legend; there are

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Catholics who seem to require, now and then, that they should be put in mind of what their own saints have taught them.

IN THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. By W. Macneile Dixon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Professor Dixon is highly competent to speak on modern books and writers. He has brought to bear on them a well-trained, well-furnished mind; he treats of them with due seriousness, and yet with a sense that literature had a long and glorious day before the lamps and candles of our age were lighted. His attitude is always dignified and fair; and his taste sound in the main and liberal. But different classes of readers will judge the book very differently. Something of the professional habit clings to him, surely; for these essays on Matthew Arnold, on the De Veres, on Meredith, both as poet and novelist, seem to stop short when they have instructed us in the main facts of the writer's style and methods. Thus, they are excellent as introductions to Arnold and Meredith; but old familiar friends of these will not find much to startle them into new readings or reawaken a fresh interest. Professor Dixon writes like a sensible, intelligent, cultivated man, and says a deal that is useful, and not a little that is obvious. Occasionally, we think, he makes mistakes. He dwells, for instance, far too much on the intellectual interest of Mr. Meredith's poetry. We do not think he knows the best of the poetry of the day, such as it is, if he only derives hope for the future from *Barrack-Room Ballads*. We cannot follow him at all in the burning admiration which he pours on the chill, meritorious work of the De Veres, whom he seems to rank with the great masters. But we have admired much of his clearly worded comments, and those on Mr. Meredith's fiction are exceptionally good. In that essay is contained the best bit of criticism in the volume. "Mr. Meredith shows us the human heart, but we are not convinced that his knowledge, as he would seemingly have us believe, has really been derived from a study of it under the microscope. He knows it instinctively, but displays it otherwise than he has actually learned it. He has acquired his knowledge in one way; he is for having us acquire it in another." That shrewd, luminous remark seems to lift the whole book into a higher rank.

IDEALS FOR GIRLS. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. New York: M. F. Mansfield.

The chapters of this book form a series of talks in which Mr. Haweis, in a bland, paternal way, discourses of various types of girls to whom he, for the sake of greater concreteness, gives names, telling Constance, for example, that she will never learn to play the violin because she has stiff fingers, and "red, bony elbows that stick out"; informing Emily that she must not be "too grand to be good-natured"; and warning Clarisse (Clarisse is good), that the manners of ladies on the road are apt to become "horsey and brusque." Probably neither Constance nor Emily nor Clarisse will greatly relish this information, but Jessie will be pleased, because Mr. Haweis frankly tells her that she is one of those girls who are bound to marry young. And when he earnestly urges Aggie, who is a bride, that she must let her husband go out alone at night for a stroll on the Boulevard, when they visit Paris, and must never object to his smoking a pipe, probably Mr. Aggie will think that Mr. Haweis is a good and thoughtful man. Altogether we have greatly enjoyed this book,—not perhaps in quite the spirit that Mr. Haweis would approve, but still we have enjoyed it.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. By William Henry Frost. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

There are certain classes of stories that appeal to all young people; there are other classes that appeal to very many. In the former division are Bible stories, ghost stories, and certain of the literary classics in a simplified form—the *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Robinson Crusoe* for example. To the second group belong among others, the stories of the Arthurian cycle. Some of these are given in the present volume, being worked in as parts of the narrative of a journey which the author with his wife and daughter (at least we suppose them to have been his wife and daughter) made through that part of England with which the legends of Arthur and Gawain and Launcelot and Elaine and Guinevere are locally associated. The stories are well selected for their purpose and well told, but we fancy that most of their readers would just as soon have taken their theme neat, and not mixed up with the itinerary of the author, and "Helen" and "Helen's mother." The illustrations by Sydney Richmond Burleigh are interesting and attractive.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, and other poems. By Mackenzie Bell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

There is less of distinctly local colouring in this second series of Travel Pictures than in those contained in *Spring's Immortality*. And the sentiments as well as the descriptions are vaguer. More picturesque in plan is "The Battle Pause," imaginary visions of home scenes that pass through the minds of soldiers —French, English and Scottish—during a lull at Waterloo. The supposed musings of the boy Coleridge to himself, and those of the boy Chatterton, are interesting attempts; but Mr. Bell is not seen at his best in this new volume.

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THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER

New York, January 2, 1899.

The rush and confusion of the holiday season are now over and everyone is asking, "Did you do a good trade?" It is pleasant to note in most instances an affirmative answer. All classes of literature which might in any way be used for presents were in great demand, and it is difficult to pick titles for particular mention. *The Day's Work* probably kept its place as leader in point of sale, but was closely seconded by *Penelope's Progress*, which improved greatly in popularity as Christmas drew near. *The Battle of the Strong, David Harum, The Adventures of François, Gloria Mundi, The Red Axe*, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, were other volumes of fiction which sold largely during the month.

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns, by Richard Harding Davis, a new publication of the month, was most in demand among a numerous list of works on subjects connected with the recent war. Others worthy of mention in this class are: *The Santiago Campaign*, by Gen. Wheeler; *Our Navy in War With Spain*, by John R. Spears, and *A Short History of the War With Spain*, by Marrion Wilcox.

Juveniles were, as might have been expected, extremely popular, and Laura E. Richards's books, the Henty Books, *The Birds' Christmas Carol, With Dewey at Manila, The Story of Little Jane and Me*, and *Witch Winnie in Spain* were especially saleable.

Gibson's *Sketches and Cartoons* had a large sale, and the other volumes of illustrations on the market were in good demand. Illustrated editions of *The Fair God, The Choir Invisible, The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Ave Roma Immortalis*, proved attractive for gift purposes.

The recent books on Bismarck, *With Kitchener at Khartum*, by G. W. Steevens, and *The Story of the Revolution*, by Henry Cabot Lodge, although brought out very late, at once came into demand. *Northward*, by Peary; *Through Asia*, by Sven Hedin, and *In the Forbidden Land*, by Henry Savage Landor, were representative works of travel that sold well.

The Butterfly Book, by W. J. Holland; *Home Life in Colonial Days*, by Alice Morse Earle; *Peeps at People*, by John Kendrick Bangs; *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by Ernest Seton Thompson, and *Miss America*, by Alexander Black, were other books of varying interest much in request.

The customary misfortune and annoyance of having some of the most popular titles run out of print was again noticeable. *Red Rock, The Little Minister* (Maude Adams edition), *Old Chester Tales, Wild Eelin* and *Miss America*, were the chief offenders in this respect.

The dramatised novels continue to take a prominent place in the list of popular books of the day, and there is a ready sale for *The Christian, Cyrano de Bergerac, A Lady of Quality, Lady Ursula* and *The Little Minister*.

The year just closed, although one of some uncertainty, proved to be a successful one, judged from reports generally as to the number and character of publications, and the amount of business done, and while trade will now materially decrease, there is every indication of continued activity in all departments of the book market for the coming months.

The following are the most popular books of recent sales:

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. 50 cents and $1.00.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.50.

The Little Minister. By J. M. Barrie. $1.00 and $2.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Wescott. $1.50.

Home Life in Colonial Days. By Alice Morse Earle. $2.50.

Gloria Mundi. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

Sketches and Cartoons. By Charles Dana Gibson. $5.00.

Ave Roma Immortalis. By F. Marion Crawford. $6.00 net.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. Illustrated. $2.50.

WESTERN LETTER

Chicago, January 2, 1899.

Despite the depressing influences which prevail from time to time, and operate to retard business, the year which has closed has been a successful one. The war was, of course, the most disturbing factor, but happily it closed in time to allow business conditions to adjust themselves before the holiday season opened, and the increase of trade since has more than compensated for the temporary check.

For an uneven year, the so-called notable books were remarkable for their evenness in the matter of sales, most of them selling practically as anticipated. Nothing sensational appeared, with the exception, perhaps, of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In fact, a little above mediocrity seems to be the most fitting expression in describing the books of 1898.

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December was a busy month for everybody, and sales of the leading books ran into large numbers. Purchases, however, were, as a rule, small, and large sales were infrequent. The illustrated books and special editions made expressly for the holiday trade went fairly well—some of them at least—but it is evident that trade in this class of books is declining each year. The books most in request nowadays for holiday presents are, first, the leading works of fiction, and then the most prominent of the current works of history, biography, travel, etc.

Cyrano de Bergerac continues to be the book of the hour, and has been the most-talked-of book in the West published during 1898.

The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns, by Richard Harding Davis, and *With Kitchener to Khartum*, by G. W. Steevens, met with an excellent holiday sale, notwithstanding the fact that they were published but a short time before Christmas.

Kipling's *The Day's Work* was by far the most-called-for book last month, and led the sales of popular books by a large margin. Next on the list came, as in November, *The Battle of the Strong*, which was succeeded by *Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War*. The number sold of each of these books, and of *Penelope's Progress*, which, by the way, has been one of the most successful books of the year, was unusually large.

Of the illustrated holiday books, *Ave Roma Immortalis* was the favourite, Gibson's *Sketches and Cartoons* coming next. Others in their class that sold well were *In the Forest of Arden*, by Hamilton W. Mabie; *The Story of the Revolution*, by Henry Cabot Lodge; the illustrated edition of *The Choir Invisible*, and the Maude Adams edition of *The Little Minister*. Last to be mentioned, but not least, was the new illustrated edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which, had it been published earlier, would have sold to a larger extent than it did.

Busch's *Memoirs of Bismarck* was the leading work in biography and memoirs, and then came Justin McCarthy's *Life of Gladstone*. In history, Mrs. Latimer's new volume, *My Scrap Book of the French Revolution*, was the most conspicuous, and in travel and adventure the work most in request was Landor's *In the Forbidden Land*.

Humorous books were in good request, especially *Fables for the Frivolous*, by G. W. Carryl; *The Bashful Earthquake*, by Oliver Herford; *A Golfer's Alphabet*, by A. B. Frost; *A Coon Alphabet*, by E. W. Kemble, and *The Billy Goat and Other Comicalities*, by the same author.

The various editions of Kipling's *Recessional* had a large sale, the cheapest form being used largely as a Christmas card.

The following list of the best-selling books last month differs only in two or three instances from that of November:

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

Cyrano de Bergerac. By Edmond Rostand. $1.00, 50 cents, 25 cents.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

Red Rock. By T. Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.50.

My Scrap Book of the French Revolution. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $2.50 and $1.50.

Cuba and Porto Rico. By R. H. Davis. $1.50.

Ave Roma Immortalis. By F. M. Crawford. 2 vols., $6.00 net.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50.

Gen. Nelson's Scout. By Byron A. Dunn. $1.25.

Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome K. Jerome. $1.25.

David Harum. By E. N. Wescott. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, Nov. 21st to Dec. 17th, 1898.

With the exception of a slight drop in the second week, business during the period named has been carried on at a fairly high pressure. It is indeed gratifying to find that, their many competitors notwithstanding, the booksellers still manage in many instances to keep together a good connection. Trade with the colonies and foreign countries continues to be brisk.

Of course the six-shilling novel is still a grand line. Work after work appears in this form, in many instances finding an appreciative public. Speaking generally, it is noticeable that a larger proportion of this class of publication is enquired for month after month than was formerly the case.

The war fever appears to be at its height. *With Kitchener to Khartum* is the leading book of the season, and there is a considerable demand for *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* and the *Black and White* war albums. Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* continues to sell freely.

Rudyard Kipling is another favourite. His *Day's Work* and *A Fleet in Being* (the latter issued a few days since) are very popular.

A large trade is being done in annual volumes, more especially of juvenile periodicals. *Chatterbox*, *Sunday*, *Children's Friend*, *Boy's Own Paper* and *Girl's Own Paper* are the most conspicuous.

There is not such a rush, as in former years, for Christmas Annuals with coloured presentation plates. The public madness in this direction, so noticeable a few years since, has passed away.

Among children's books, *Some Forgotten Children's Books* has taken a good hold on the buying public, and Blackie's boys' and girls' publications, especially the five-shilling and six-shilling ones, are much appreciated. Illustrated reprints of English Classics, such as Macmillan's six-shilling edition of *Cranford*, and Dent's *Ingoldsby*, are selling in large numbers.

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The list appended will give a fair idea of the kind of literature that meets with public approval. It will be noticed that it is more comprehensive than usual, many classes being represented, but poetry is not among them:

Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)

Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)

Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

The Day's Work. By R. Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Illustrated. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Father Anthony. By R. Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)

The Fatal Gift. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Judith Boldero. By W. J. Dawson. 6s. (Bowden.)

Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between December 1, 1898, and January 1, 1899. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
6. David Harum. By Wescott. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Lost Word. By van Dyke. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Forest of Arden. By Mabie. $2.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Sketches and Cartoons. By Gibson. $5.00. (Russell.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
4. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Old Chester Tales. By Deland. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Home Life in Colonial Days. By Earle. $2.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Ave Roma. By Crawford. $6.00. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Aylwin. By Watts-Dunton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Old Chester Tales. By Deland. $1.50. (Harper.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
4. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. My Scrap Book of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg.)
6. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Collections and Recollections. By Russell. $2.50. (Harper.)
3. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)
5. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 25 cts. (Burrows Brothers.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Tekla. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure.)
2. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
5. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. The Workers—The West. By Wyckoff. $1.50. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
5. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)
2. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
4. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Tattle Tales of Cupid. By Ford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Dream Days. By Graham. $1.25. (Lane.)
4. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
5. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50 (Scribner.)
4 Wisdom and Destiny. By Maeterlinck. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Fatal Gift. By Moore. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co. and McClure Co.)
3. Scrap Book of the French Revolution. By Mrs. Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg.)
4. Aylwin. By Watts-Dunton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Red Axe. By Crockett. $1.50. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Prisoners of Hope. By Johnston. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. In the Forbidden Land. By Landor. $9.00. (Harper.)
5. Bismarck. By Busch. $10.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Through Asia. By Hedin. $10.00. (Harper.)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
3. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Home Life in Colonial Days. By Earle. $2.50. (Macmillan.)
5. David Harum. By Wescott. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Ave Roma. By Crawford. $6.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)
4. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
5. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
6. I am the King. By Stevens. $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Roden's Corner. By Merriman. $1.75. (Harper.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. Great Salt Lake Trail. By Inman. $3.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
5. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
6. Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
3. Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
4. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
5. Work and Culture. By Mabie. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Afterwards. Ian Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. By Caskoden. $1.50. (Bowen, Merrill.)
6. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. With Kitchener to Khartum. By Steevens. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Cyrano de Bergerac. By Rostand. 50 cents. (Morang.)
3. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.25 and 75 cents. (Morang.)
4. Sister to Evangeline. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. Collections and Recollections. By Russell. $2.50. (Harper.)
6. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. 75 cents and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)

WACO, TEX.

1. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By Jerome. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Red Rock. By Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)
5. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
6. Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. By Dunne. $1.25. (Small, Maynard.)
2. The Workers—The West. By Wyckoff. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. By Davis. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Associate Hermits. By Stockton. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Her Memory. By Maartens. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Day's Work. By Kipling. $1.50. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
2. The Battle of the Strong. By Parker. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. The Adventures of François. By Mitchell. $1.50. (Century Co.)
4. Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Cyrano de Bergerac. Chiefly Miss Hall's translation. 50 cts. (Doubleday & McClure Co.)
6. The Castle Inn. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans.)

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